

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 14, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

PREVIEW

FROM THE FIELD:
THE FALL
SPORTING LOOK

THE U.S. AMATEUR

CHARLIE COE DEFENDS HIS TITLE





HOW TO WIN \$20,000 (and be well-dressed in Haggar slacks, too)

Enter the Acrilan® \$100,000 wash & wear contest: 453 prizes in all! Get an entry blank at any good store. Tell in 25 words or less, "How I got rid of my ironing day blues." You can win an automatic washer-dryer filled with \$10,000, \$5,000, \$2,500. These three top cash prizes *double* if you send in the contest tag from wash & wear clothes made with at least 70% Acrilan.

Haggar automatic wash & wear fall slacks: and what slacks they are! One with the luxury touch of full-weight hapsacking, this season's smartest fabric. Another with a crisp, finished, worsted look. Both made with Acrilan to machine-wash, machine-dry (or drip dry). To look freshly pressed with little if any ironing! Take both and take aim on those top cash prizes.

ACRILAN

Left
Right
THE CHEMstrand CORPORATION, 10000 West 10th Avenue, Golden, Colorado 80401. HIRSH, HIRSH & HIRSH, CHEMstrand CORPORATION, P.O. Box 100, Golden, Colorado 80401.

Proof of BROWNING Quality is in the Shooting



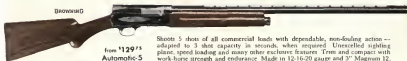
The one characteristic, above all others, that Browning builds into a gun is quality — and to its makers, quality means more than meets the eye.

For quality goes well beneath the polished, durable finish, and the matchless hand checkering and engraving that identifies every Browning.

Nor does it stop with fine, toughened steels, choice walnut, and precision hand-fitting of all working parts.

Browning quality must prove itself in smooth, sure function, in lasting strength and in design, for ease of handling and superb performance — for a lifetime.

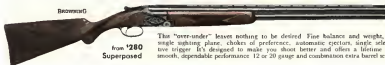
Shoot your Browning under every condition, as often as you wish. *You'll find the proof in its shooting.*



Shoots 5 shots of all commercial loads with dependable, non-fouling action — adapted to 3 shot capacity in seconds, when required. Unexcelled sighting plane, speed loading and many other exclusive features. Trim and compact with work-horse strength and endurance. Made in 12-16-20 gauge and 3" Magnum 12.



The double Automatic provides an entirely new kind of shooting pleasure. Has the superb balance of a fine "over-under" shotgun. It points with the speed and timing one experiences in pointing his own finger. Fast and easy loading. Soft cushioned recoil. Made only in 12 gauge, with models as light as 6 pounds.



This "over-under" leaves nothing to be desired. Fine balance and weight, a single sighting plane, chokeys of preference, automatic ejectors, single selective trigger. It's designed to make you shoot better and offers a lifetime of smooth, dependable performance. 12 or 20 gauge and combination extra barrel acts.



The ideal plinker for every member of your family. Just the right size. Only 4½ pounds and perfect balance make good shooting easy. Rugged all-steel construction. Accepts scope mounts. Takes down to just 19 inches for convenient packing or storage. Many safety features. 22 Short and Long Rifle models.

SAME PRICES
U. S. OR CANADA

Prices subject to change without notice

YOUR BROWNING DEALER

WRITE for "Guns by Browning" a colorful illustrated booklet containing complete information on all Browning guns and special chapters on shooting. Browning Arms Co., Dept. 45, St. Louis 3, Mo. U.S.A.
Browning Arms Co. of Canada, Ltd. Dept. 45, P.O. Box 991, Montreal 9, P.Q.



A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
will demonstrate how much you can save continuously on books you are eager to read

EITHER OF THESE FOR YOUR LIBRARY

for only \$6

If you join the Club now and agree to buy six books during the next year from over 200 that will be made available

All Ten Churchill Volumes

Two Sets: A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING

PEOPLES and THE SECOND WORLD WAR

[TOTAL RETAIL PRICE IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY \$63]

OR

The Story of Civilization BY WILL DURANT In Six Volumes

[RETAIL PRICE \$60]

GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

THE purpose of this unusual offer is to demonstrate how much you can save continuously on books you are eager to read and add to your library. This is made possible by the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either without charge or at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

* Either group of books above will be sent with the first book you purchase under the simple conditions set forth above. The six additional books you agree to buy during the next twelve months will be billed to you at the members' price, which on the average is 20% less than the regular retail price.

* If you continue after this trial, with every second Club choice you buy you will receive a Book-Dividend averaging around \$7 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this plan, \$220,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by members as Book-Dividends.

* More important than the saving, this sensible system will keep you from missing books you intend to read.

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY ONE OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

- **SHOPIES TO GO** (Paper \$4.95)
by **DOUGLAS JOHNSON**
For those who like to shop, this is the book to read. It tells you how to shop smart, how to get the best value for your money, and how to avoid the pitfalls of shopping.
- **ADVISE AND CONSENT** (Paper \$4.95)
by **JOHN F. KENNEDY**
The President's role in the making of public policy.
- **THE YEARS WITH ROSS** (Paper \$4.95)
by **JOHN F. KENNEDY**
The President's role in the making of public policy.
- **FOR D. PLAIN** (Paper \$4.95)
by **JOHN F. KENNEDY**
The President's role in the making of public policy.
- **JOHN PAUL JONES** (Paper \$4.95)
by **JOHN F. KENNEDY**
The President's role in the making of public policy.
- **GRANDFATHER BY A MAJORITY** (Paper \$4.95)
by **JOHN F. KENNEDY**
The President's role in the making of public policy.
- **THE U.S. AMERICAN** (Paper \$4.95)
by **JOHN F. KENNEDY**
The President's role in the making of public policy.
- **WHAT WE MUST KNOW ABOUT COMMUNISM** (Paper \$4.95)
by **JOHN F. KENNEDY**
The President's role in the making of public policy.
- **ELIZABETH THE GREAT** (Paper \$4.95)
by **JOHN F. KENNEDY**
The President's role in the making of public policy.
- **THE AFTERMATH OF WAR** (Paper \$4.95)
by **JOHN F. KENNEDY**
The President's role in the making of public policy.

BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB ONE YEAR \$12.00

Those who join as a member of the Book of the Month Club will receive the first book of the series (shown below) at the special price of \$6.00. During the first year you will receive six more books at the special price of \$6.00 each. After the first year you will receive six more books at the regular price of \$10.00 each. This is a total of 12 books for \$72.00, or \$6.00 per book. This is a saving of 40% over the regular price of \$10.00 per book.

PLEASE NOTE: A special arrangement has been made with the publisher of the first book of the series (shown below) so that it can be purchased at the special price of \$6.00. This is a saving of 40% over the regular price of \$10.00.

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

— **SETS (6 VOLUMES)** ☐ **THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (6 VOLUMES)**

Cover: Charlie Cox ▶

This Iowa Oklahoman seeks his third U.S. Amateur golf title next week at Colorado Springs. Beginning on page 45 Herbert Warren Wind tells why Cox is the golfer to

Photograph by A. F. Owen



▶ SPORTS ILLUSTRATED joins the ball in play with its fourth annual Football Issue and starts it off with a milestone of its own, its first foldout cover, showing a dramatic moment in last year's action. Inside will be a four-page section of football in color, a special illustrated feature on How to Watch Football and views of preseason campus preparations. For the first time there will be a special insert, to be detached and kept throughout the season, with seating reports and schedules of 130 college teams, as well as Red Grange's selections for the Eleven Best Eleven of 1959.

PLUS NEWS AND REGULAR FEATURES

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published as a National and Eastern edition. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 per year.



16



20



24



26



52



88



Contents

- 16 **Happy Man on a Moor**
His other muscuss accomplished, the probably traded political future for Scottish forelegs
- 20 **Despite All, a Delightful Show**
The Pan American Games in Chicago stand up to difficulties and come off in fair style
- 24 **Biggest Out of the Week**
Chrysler's Minnor Minnor runs feasting house to scare and the Gear Box there has out
- 26 **The Year Casey Quit**
Gerald Holland saw JFK Case door off in the day-out. This is the awful dream he now have told
- 32 **The Beat of Their Wings**
Almost audible evidence that the nation's flyways are not yet barren of wildfowl
- 40 **The West Awaits the World Series**
Too much too soon for the experted Coast cities? You can't help liking their spirit
- 45 **High Noon at Broadmoor**
Busy Charlie Cox is set to shoot it out for the Amateur golf title. By Herbert Warren Wind
- 48 **The Falcon: New Fling For Ford**
A new era of American automobile manufacturing opens with the compact Falcon
- 52 **The Sporting Look for Fall**
In a quarterly preview, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents the now-tube-fashionable "held look"
- 88 **School of Hard Knox**
Introducing two extraordinary athletes, Seymour and Natty Knox, who were trained in ice

The Department

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 8 Coming Events | 66 Tip from the Top |
| 12 Scoreboard | 69 Horse Racing |
| 14 Baseball's Week | 76 Horses |
| 35 Events & Discoveries | 93 19th Hole |
| 50 Trotting | 96 Pat on the Back |

Acknowledgments on page 12

REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

Tiny transistorized Dictet records in outer or any other space



The first man to the moon might very well record his impressions on a 2-lb. 11-oz. Dictet portable tape recorder. It runs on incredibly powerful mercury batteries, so you can use it anywhere on, over or under the earth (but not under water). No plug-in



Superbly simple to operate, you just pick up mike and talk. The microphone also doubles as a playback. And the tape is magazine-loaded. No threading necessary.

Transcription? Use handsome companion Dictet Typewriter, or with simple accessories transcribe direct from Dictet.

The Dictet recorder is used for travel dictation, sales and field reports, taking inventory, interviews and a lot of other imaginative uses. It has a leather carrying case with shoulder strap.

One more thing: the Dictet recorder is fun, too. Write Dictaphone Corporation for more information, or call a Dictaphone representative for a demonstration.



DICTET[®] BY DICTAPHONE[®]

Dictaphone Corporation, Dept. 84-99
420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

MEMO from the publisher

THIS art of playing football compounds many elements: speed and power; discipline and spirit; and 22 men—each performing a purposeful function in a changing pattern of offense and defense. Among the most complicated of athletic contests, football has another element, deception, making it no simpler.

It follows that the art of watching football, like that of playing, involves skill, practice and a sort of alert suspicion. A man from Mars, of course, would enjoy the color, music and autumn air. Bewitched he should be; bewildered he'd have to be. It happens to earth people, too. For them next week in the annual College Football Issue, Editor Alfred Wright, Army's Defensive Coach Frank Lautner and Artist Daniel Schwartz present some expertise on how to watch a football game—or, to put it differently, how to keep from getting fooled too often while watching.

If the player and the spectator must lend certain talents to the game, the coach must give still others. Next week this brings up the notable example of Northwestern's Ara Parseghian, a voluble exponent of the application of large doses of psychology to problems of the gridiron. Last year, after a winless 1957, Parseghian's Wildcats came back strong. Two memorable upsets, against Michigan and Ohio State, looked like perfect cases of Northwestern mind over opposition matter. This fall Parseghian's methods undergo an early ordeal when

Northwestern takes on the Orange and Rose Bowl champions—opening against Oklahoma and then meeting Iowa. This could be the hard way to the top of the Big Ten, but William Furlong's article tells how Parseghian will try to take the Wildcats up there and why they just might make it.



THE FOOTBALL ISSUE HAS ITS FIRST FOLDSOUT COVER

As for other teams throughout the country that will "make" it, Red Grange's analytical predictions in *The Eleven Best Elements* offer a line on that. Grange's guesses are likely to be a little better than the next man's, but for fun between now and next week you might make your own list of the 11 teams you pick for national honors.

Scouting Reports cover 130 teams in a compact section detachable for ready reference. Introductions to the five areas, East, South, Midwest, Southwest and West, pinpoint the color, quality and dimension of the game as it is played in the different regions.

And wherever the game is played, I think you'll enjoy having with you *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* 1958 Football Issue, a knowing guide and season-long companion.

Arthur Murphy

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7.50 All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE J. Edward King, General Manager, Mail subscriptions, orders, correspondence and contributions for change of address to: *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois (Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires six to eight weeks' notice.)

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

OTHER TIME-USE PUBLICATIONS TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and DESIGN a team: Chairman, Maurice T. Moore, President, Roy E. Larsen, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles E. Stinebaugh, Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brunsbach, Vice President, Edgar R. Hoover, Richard Rogers, Clay Barnhart, Arnold W. Carlson, Alvin Grover, Andrew Heikell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Lazen, Ralph D. Price Jr., P. L. Prentiss, William C. Pules Jr.; Correspondent and Assistant Secretary, John F. Murray.

Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Do you approve of the theory of sending right-handed hitters against left-handed pitchers and vice versa?*



MIKEY MANTLE
New York Yankees
outfielder

Yes, I definitely believe it is an advantage to bat from the opposite side of the plate. When I am batting left and facing a right-handed pitcher, I know that the ball is going to break toward me, not away. The same is true from the other side of the plate against a left-hander.



MIKE HIGGINS
Former Boston Red
Sox manager

You've got to consider the batter and the size and shape of the park. A lot of left-handed batters are not bothered by southpaws and vice versa. Actually, some left-handed batters are tough on southpaws—players like Ted Williams, Joe Wertz, Yogi Berra and Nellie Fox.

continued

PLEETWAY PROTECTS PAJAMAS WITH CYANA® PURIFYING FINISH



Snare a pair of these colorful "Colonial Capers" by Pleetway...and you get a welcome bonus—the only durable protection against perspiration odor on fabric—unique CYANA PURIFYING FINISH. This Cyanamid discovery destroys the guilty odor-forming bacteria on fabric. Keeps effective up to fifty washings! Keeps you fresh, "socially acceptable." For intimate clothing that stays "laundry fresh," always look for Cyana Purifying Finish identification before you buy.

shown here: Pleetway's new "Colonial Capers" red cotton flannel knicker pajamas set...with Cyanamid's exclusive Cyana Purifying Finish.



CYANAMID

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY • TEXTILE CHEMICALS DEPARTMENT • 111 WEST 40th ST., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
Producers of the World's Finest Textile Chemicals

Mr. LORD & Mr. TAYLOR

have a definite preference—
the natural look of

**the low-crowned
Disney hat**

center-creased, with a narrow,
raw-edged double brim. Bronze,
graphite, brown, 11.95

In THE MAN'S SHOP
Lord & Taylor, New York

HOTBOX continued



PEE WEE REESE
*Los Angeles Dodgers
coach*

Not always. In a Series game Stengel started two right-handers, Skowron and Howard, against Newcombe, a right-hander, instead of Slaughter and Collins, lefties. We thought Casey was a bit screwy, but both Skowron and Howard, strong opposite-field hitters, banged home runs.



BOB FRIEND
*Pittsburgh Pirates
pitcher*

When a pitcher has good stuff it doesn't make any difference. I'm a right-hander and I've had better luck against right-hand hitting. However, if managers disregarded this theory, I think the end result of the games would be the same over a full season.



JOHNNY ANTONELLI
*San Francisco Giant
pitcher*

It all depends on who's getting Spahn and I, both left-handers, see so many right-handed batters that we pitch better against them. The other teams have been loading their lineups with right-handers against me for so long that I have more confidence pitching against them.



AL SCHACHT
*Restaurateur and
former major league
pitcher*

This is an exploded theory. A lot of it is in the mind. When a pitcher or batter is used continually in this way he is at a handicap. I'd rather see a good 230-300 hitter at the plate against right-handers or lefties than a .225 right-hander against a southpaw.

continued

THE SECRET OF

Chartreuse



The only thing known about Chartreuse is that you'll like it! The secret recipe of this liqueur has been closely guarded since 1605 by the Monks in a secluded French monastery. Chartreuse is superb served straight or over ice—does delicious things to ice cream or fruit.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 65 Proof • Green 110 Proof
For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schott & Co., 30 Canal St., N.Y., Dept. G





Foreign Car Consulate! Many people with imported cars think of an Esso Servicecenter as a sort of Automotive Consulate. We like their thoughts . . . and take pains to cultivate them. After all, Esso Dealers service these cars in their native countries all over the world. And they get special instructions, the most complete charts (and more of them!), and use special knowledge to make foreign cars feel at Home. Runabout, saloon, sports car, *any* car . . . you'll find everything you need for Happy Motoring® is yours at the Esso Sign! Esso Standard Oil Company.

© HAPPY MOTORING IS A REGISTRATION TRADEMARK OF ESSO STANDARD OIL CO.



TWO WINNERS...TWO CYANA® FINISHES



Van Heusen's new Lagonda Continental sport shirts are available in 2 colors, long or short sleeves. All-cotton knitwear fabric by Sara Milia.

PROTECT THIS VAN HEUSEN CREATION

The "Lagonda Continental" has arrived—name-sake of the famous sports car. This new Van Heusen sport shirt caps the climax with *double, durable* protection. • Durable Cyana® Shrinkage Control guards fit and shape, resists wrinkles and stains, provides genuine "wash 'n' wear." • Also added: Cyana® Purifying Finish, the Cyana exclusive that *bars perspiration odor* on fabric up to fifty washings. • Steer over to your favorite shirt shop, and pick a pair with these twin Cyana finishes.



CYANAMID

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY • TEXTILE CHEMICALS DEPARTMENT • 111 WEST 40TH ST. • NEW YORK, N.Y.
Products of the World's Finest Textile Chemicals

HOYBOX continued



ERNE BANKS

Chicago Cubs Outfielder

Well, the manager has a tough job keeping his team. If he doesn't throw the usual system the fans will boo him, but if he follows it too well, it's hard luck if it doesn't work. A pinch hitter should be good against right- or left-handed pitching, but the system is good against both.



TED WILLIAMS

Boston Red Sox Outfielder

It's not as important as a lot of boys tell people think it is. With a good batter you can hit in his stride, it doesn't make any difference. He'll hit right-handers or southpaws. However, I do think that a good southpaw will give a left-handed batter more trouble over the long run and vice versa.



AL LOPEZ

Chicago White Sox Manager

A good right- or left-handed batter can beat all pitchers. I know some right-handed hitters who hit right-handed pitching better than left-handed. For most of last season, Nellie Fox, a left-hander, had a higher average against southpaws. When I caught for the Dodgers, we seldom used this system.



FRED HANEY

Minneapolis Braves Outfielder

There is no set rule about this. A lot is going to depend on the batter, the pitcher, the ball park and the playing conditions. In San Francisco against the Giants, I used a right-handed hitter against a right-handed pitcher because a strong wind was blowing toward left, and it paid off.

Anybody who says the Gimlet is strictly for summer-sipping has ice cubes in his head, so whenever you want the most exhilarating drink ever devised, remember this formula:



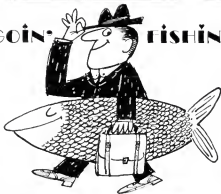
3  **+ 1**  **= the Gimlet**

Serve over ice in either an old-fashioned or cocktail glass. Only Rose's—available at food stores, package stores and restaurants—makes the perfect Gimlet

Rose's Lime Juice

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

GOIN' FISHIN'?



Keep a pack of Bicycle Cards in your tackle box just in case the fish aren't biting—or, if they are, as the perfect wind-up to a hard day's leisure. Bicycle Cards will help you relax on many a leisure weekend. They shuffle easily, deal easily, —cost very little. For the latest word in "Official Rules," send \$5¢ in coin to Department L-1,

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY
Cincinnati 19, Ohio

See Championship Bridge with Chas. Goren, ABC TV Network. Send no stamps at 1:30 or 6:30 p.m. weekdays OCT. 15.



THE
WEEK'S
GREATEST
ENTERTAINMENT
VALUE

TRADITIONAL CHOICE . . . timeless in taste



Bass
WEEJUNS®

© C. M. Eng.

S. H. BASS & CO., 179 MAIN ST., WILTON, MAINE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Henry R. Luss
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT: Albert L. Parth

PRESIDENT: Ray E. Lussen
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Hedley Donovan

MANAGING EDITOR: Sidney A. Brown

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS
Richard W. Johnston
Andrew Laguerre
John Talley

ART DIRECTOR: Jerome Snyder

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ARTICLES: Tracy Kozicki
Steve Berman
Robert Cooney
Andrew Cribbman
Bryce A. Hewlett
Gerald Holland
Martin Kiser
James Murray
Peter O'Brien
Fred R. Smith
William T. Toner
Nancy Wood
Alfred Wright

STAFF WRITERS

Walter Bruchman
Ray Carr
Alan Higgins
Horton Hays
Mervyn Kymron
Vincent Kuhl
Norman Land
Hamilton B. Meale
Gilbert Rabin
Kenneth Rabin
Seymour Tan
Ray Terrell
Joel A. Tish

PHOTOGRAPHS

FEATURE EDITOR: Gerald Auer

ASSISTANT: Betty Dick, Dorothy Mann

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: John G. Zimmerman

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Joey Cappel
Laurie Daly-Wade
Ted Fennell
Richard Sheck
Ely Tordoff

COLOR FILM EDITOR: Ben Schickel

WRITER-REPORTERS

Chris: Bruce Forsyth

Gwyneth S. Brown
William Linnert
Leo Woodcock

REPORTERS

Mary Jane H. Jones
Margaret Mann
Dorothy Berglund
John Campbell
Glen Zand
Barbara Hoffman
Mary Jane H. Jones
Rose Mary Menden
John Stephens
George Walsh
Victoria Winkler

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Scots: Donalton, Frank
Charles G. G. G. G.
James J. G. G. G.
Mrs. Fred. G. G. G.
Colin Mitchell
Laurie
John O'Reilly, Nelson
Douglas Padden
Patricia J. Padden
Helen Padden, Fred
William F. Padden
Toni
Bridgette Warren
Karl, Zoli

ASSISTANT TO THE MANAGING EDITOR

Henry J. Brown

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Ann Dierks
Joan Jackson
Eleanor Menden
Morton Menden

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Mervyn Harris

PRODUCTION

Chris: Arthur L. Browley
COPY CLERK: Denise Goldfarb
George J. Haddock
Betty De Munnit
Ingolf J. J. J.
Arthur A. Goldfarb
Lara Menden
Helen Taylor

LAUNCH

Chief: Alfred Dierks
William Dierks
Barry G. G.
Bruce F. G. G.
Marta Nathan
Catherine Smith

U.S. & FOREIGN BUREAUS

NEW YORK: Loni Brown
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta,
Boston, Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle,
Annapolis, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Calgary
CHIEF OF CORRESPONDENTS: James Menden
London, The Hague, Paris, Rome, Bonn, Frankfurt,
Geneva, Johannesburg, Rome, New York, Tokyo,
Hong Kong, Athens, Cuz, Panama City, Rio de
Janeiro, Havana, Lima
CHIEF OF CORRESPONDENTS: Ernest John Haddock

PUBLISHER: Arthur R. Murphy Jr.

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: L. L. Callahan Jr.

This motorcar has never known an equal. It is born of a half century of restless probing, of successive triumphs. It is shaped to dimensions of thinking far beyond the rigid reduplication of second-hand ideas, of stamp-press concepts. It is machined to win the admiration of engineers—and motorists—the world over. Its standard is excellence. Its viewpoint is the future. Its name is LANCIA.



LANCIA

U. S. DISTRIBUTOR **HOFFMAN** MOTOR CAR CO., INC.

NEW YORK, 443 PARK AVENUE/BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA, 9130 WILSHIRE BLVD.

SEE YOUR LANCIA DEALER. Eight Touring and Sports Models Available: 4 Dr. Sedans, 2 and 4 Seater Coupes, 4 Seater Convertible—Exclusive V4 and V6 Engines. From \$2892 to \$6495, suggested price, P.D.S.



Most
Remarkable...
what the
right Vermouth
will do for
a Manhattan

© RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

M&R IMPORTED SWEET VERMOUTH

COMING EVENTS

September 11 to September 17

10A-noon E.T.

• Color television • Telephone • Not yet posted

Friday, September 11

- BOXING**
• Philadelphia vs. Chicago, 10:00 p.m., NBC
• Bronx, 10 p.m., NBC
FOOTBALL, noon, pressmen
• Chicago Cardinals vs. Philadelphia, 1:00 p.m., NBC
• New York at Chicago Bears, 1:00 p.m., NBC
GOLF
• Dallas Open, \$25,000, Dallas, through Sept. 14
HORSE RACING
• Travers Stakes, \$50,000, Saratoga, 1:00 p.m., NBC
TELEVISION
• U.S. vs. England, 10:00 p.m., NBC
• World Series, 10:00 p.m., NBC

Saturday, September 12

- AUTO RACING**
• Tallahassee, 10:00 a.m., NBC
BASEBALL
• Chicago at Baltimore, 1:00 p.m., NBC
• Philadelphia at San Francisco, 1:00 p.m., NBC
BOXING
• National Guard, 10:00 p.m., NBC
FOOTBALL, noon, pressmen
• Washington vs. Green Bay at Washington, 1:00 p.m., NBC
• New York at Los Angeles, 1:00 p.m., NBC
HORSE RACING
• World's Playground Stakes, \$100,000, Atlantic City, 1:00 p.m., NBC
• The Matron, \$50,000, Belmont Park, 1:00 p.m., NBC
HUNT RACE MEETING
• Foxhunter Meeting, Fox Hills, Md.

Sunday, September 13

- AUTO RACING**
• Dallas Grand Prix, 10:00 a.m., NBC
BASEBALL
• Cleveland at New York, 1:00 p.m., NBC
• Cincinnati at Milwaukee, 1:00 p.m., NBC
• Pittsburgh at Los Angeles, 1:00 p.m., NBC
FOOTBALL, noon, pressmen
• Cleveland at Detroit, 1:00 p.m., NBC
• Baltimore at Philadelphia, 1:00 p.m., NBC
GOLF
• Tallahassee Open, 10:00 a.m., NBC
HUNT RACE MEETING
• Foxhunter Meeting, Fox Hills, Md.

Monday, September 14

- BASEBALL**
• Cleveland at New York, 1:00 p.m., NBC
BOXING
• Madison Square Garden, 10:00 p.m., NBC
GOLF
• World's Playground, 10:00 a.m., NBC
HORSE RACING
• World's Playground Stakes, \$100,000, Atlantic City, 1:00 p.m., NBC
TELEVISION
• World Series, 10:00 p.m., NBC

Tuesday, September 15

- BASEBALL**
• Chicago at New York, 1:00 p.m., NBC
BOXING
• Madison Square Garden, 10:00 p.m., NBC
GOLF
• World's Playground, 10:00 a.m., NBC
HORSE RACING
• World's Playground Stakes, \$100,000, Atlantic City, 1:00 p.m., NBC
TELEVISION
• World Series, 10:00 p.m., NBC

Wednesday, September 16

- BOXING**
• Madison Square Garden, 10:00 p.m., NBC
GOLF
• World's Playground, 10:00 a.m., NBC
HORSE RACING
• World's Playground Stakes, \$100,000, Atlantic City, 1:00 p.m., NBC
TELEVISION
• World Series, 10:00 p.m., NBC

* See local listing

THE WORSTED-TEX **BIG 'U'** WARDROBE



This seal identifies all authentic BIG 'U' fashions:

..FOR THE **U**NIVERSITY YOUNG

...THE **U**NIVERSALLY YOUNG!

If you respond to the youthful spirit in your clothes, you are the man for whom Worsted-Tex has created the BIG 'U' Wardrobe. The models, the exclusive fabrics, the shades and patterns are in the great, classical University tradition. The BIG 'U' is designed for all men, regardless of age. Also for all men, regardless of their budget. Suits—from **\$59.50** • Topcoats—from **\$69.50** • Sportcoats—from **\$39.95** • Slacks—from **\$17.95**

Here's what our BIG 'U' men are wearing:

The *Old Grad* in the foreground wears our classic, 100% 2-ply **PIN BETA WORSTED**. In the background the *Coach* is wearing a grey **FORNOST CHEVROV** topcoat. The enthusiastic *Undergrad* at the right wears a sport coat in an elegant, all-wool **India Madder Plaid**. All are in the authentic **IVY LEAGUE®** Model.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Sanitized® linings for hygienic freshness!

At our franchised dealers only... or write,

THE HOUSE OF WORSTED-TEX • 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. • Makers of Worsted-Tex® • Tropi-Tex® • Custom-Tex® • Ivy League® • "10 Member"® • ©80 - SPB™



"HILL" TEST PEUGEOT 403



Exquisite and economical dashboards (available) and Peugeot's easy steering, and 5-speed power steering (optional).

"BETWEEN RACES YOU CAN'T BEAT A PEUGEOT 403" says Phil Hill



There's maintenance saving and trouble-free pickup... delivered in a pop on regular gas.

The separate front seats have a suspension-relieving mechanism.

"Ever since I started racing, people have been asking me what kind of car I drive. I imagine they picture me tearing about Europe from race to race in a very glamorous, very fast sports car. They seem surprised when I tell them that as much as I love the world of Sports and Grand Prix cars, I want my normal highway driving to be quick and relaxed. Decidedly so, in fact. And that's one of the reasons I like a Peugeot '403'.

"I like the '403's compact size. It's equally at home on winding Alpine roads, broad highways and narrow French village streets. And it's big enough to carry five or six passengers plus all their luggage—the trunk is really large by any standards. Driving the Peugeot '403' is safe and comfortable. But—and this is interesting—it also has a wonderful combination of riding and handling qualities.

"Another reason I grab a Peugeot whenever I can is the quiet way it performs. Of course, I'm used to 4 and 5 speed machines that require continuous shifting to get the most out of them. But in the Peugeot you drive it just like a 3-speed American car. Then when you get rolling on the road you pop it into overdrive and literally coast along. It's plenty fast enough for me—I'm scared to death to ride with another driver anyway because they always seem to drive like maniacs—just to see what I'll say. (Which is un-printable)

"The final drive on a Peugeot '403' uses the worm and wheel principle (so far as I know, this is the first time

this principle has been seen in America since the Stutz of the early '30's). This gives the car a very low center of gravity and eliminates 'floor board hump.' The '403' corners very nicely. At 60 mph, you can set up a turn and let the car track around the curve. The Peugeot has neutral steering. Well, almost. Actually it requires so little force you hardly notice it.

"The Michelin X tires also contribute to the Peugeot's roadability. They stick to the road when cornering yet do not adversely affect the steering.

"This car has dignity. No gimmicky stuff—just good clean lines. I dislike an ostentatious car. The 'unquestioned quality' of the Peugeot '403' (it is really very conservative) is much more to my liking.

"Finally there's the reputation of the marque (the Societe Anonyme des Automobiles Peugeot is celebrating its 70th anniversary this year). There's no car in Europe, even at twice the price, that has a better reputation for reliability, long life and just plain honest quality.

"There's only one little thing I do not like about the '403'. Its ignition lock is sometimes hard to find. Other than that I have no complaints, and lots of hurrahs. I can see why the Peugeot '403' is selling well in the States. This is a fantastic car!"

Sold and serviced by over 500 Peugeot dealers throughout the U.S.A. For brochure, write: Peugeot, Inc., 750 Third Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

The Sportsedan
from France

PEUGEOT

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

PAN AMERICAN GAMES—Over 140,000 thousand athletes from 21 nations wound up 12-day games in Chicago, provided much outstanding performances as these: 23-year-old Brazilian *Wendecirina Malta*, earned striking 4,555 points for the gold medal in the women's pentathlon. *Springer Hae Norton*, San Jose State, was only triple gold medalist in men's track, took world record of 20.8 in 50-yard dash, and 100-yard dash. *William Lafferty*, relay team, took gold medal with a time of 1:05.1, third fastest ever recorded and only half second behind U.S. Olympic championship time, *Sam Barnes* of Seattle broke her own 100-meter butterfly world record in 1:49.1. *Valentina Remova* and *Hana Reva* of Mexico defeated *Alfred Gibson* and *Karel Puzos* 8:53.3 for women's four's double's championship. *John Smith*, U.S. swimmer, took women's 400-meter Pan Am champion 5:31 for gold medal in first U.S. showing in international field since 1961 Olympics. *Kurtold Williams*, Nashville, won 100- and 200-meter dashes and ran on winning 100-meter relay team to become only triple gold medalist in women's track. *Vince Shomo*, 19-year-old graduate of New York City's Grace Washington High School, scored 100- and 200-meter dashes and 100-yard (lake high-waterweight) event; *Paula Sore* of Los Angeles, duplicated Pat McCann's 1955 feat by taking gold medal



VENETIAN WAY WINS GOING AWAY

in women's three-meter springboard and 10-meter platform diving; Charles Vinkel, 178, bantamweight weight lifter, bettered world record by pressing 213 pounds; 418 wrestling team won 29 bouts and tied one to take all eight weight divisions titles.

HORSE RACING—Playing it close to the rail, *Vernation* was waivered until there was only an eighth of mile to run before moving to the outside under the whip of Manuel Gonzalez to run off Bally Ache by three-quarters of a length and set an Arlington Park track record in the \$181,250 Washington Futurity for 2-year-olds (see above). Fleet-footing the 61½ furlongs in 1:15½, *Vernation* was earned \$122,362 for the Sunnyside Farm and showed himself as one of the premiere 2-year-olds to keep an eye on.

BOXING—Abstaining from food and drink on day of fight to bring its weight below 137, Cuban Lightweight Champion Ciro Morales was battered about Atlantic City ring like a leucis bush, was thoroughly outpointed in 10 rounds by Philadelphia's Les Matthews. Favored at 3 to 1, Matthews staggered the Cuban in all but two rounds, in a complete-command performance stopped Morales' two-year winning streak at 16.

FOR THE RECORD

HOATING SPEIR LIPON (code 00114) E 211
N.R., 21 sport white frs. *Arund. 1000000*, N. 2.
huffed with seeds and spines; spines to 1000
Mouth 1100000; Mouth 1100000; 1100000; 1100000
1100000; 1100000

[illegible][illegible]

FOOTBALL—**PARLIAMENT** *Leaves*—A. Chisholm (Lab.)
Leaves 11, on exhibition at F&H.
PARLIAMENT *Leaves*—A. Chisholm (Lab.)
Leaves 11, on exhibition at F&H.

HABERE HADGO - SPERRY PEEK, down by Charles Fitzgerald Jr., spot Rpt. Nat. Hunt on the Boone National Hunting Preserve, Jan. 10, 1974, on a 500' General Mountain.

1. *Welt* is a verb meaning "to reach, to arrive, to be in a place" and is used in the following way:

HORSE RACING—A. L. Miller, Pres. For 1966
—a 24-yr-old red dray, the Holston Park race
ground for 24 yr in 1966, 1967

TRACK & FIELD—**WILL. WILLIAMS** (w-111) 11.11 IN, both passed the Olympic minimum distance of 26 miles 385 yards north their weight. Under their first Olympic letters from Seattle, they were 20.21. (Portland, Ore. Press)

[illegible]

WATER KINGS—YORK Y'N TWAM, 1960, and West 1-Only Water, Calif., were women's crowned world water polo champions. **PAUL C. FULLERTON**, Irish, women's world champion during championships. **YVETTE MIKALOFF**, Cyprus, Ireland, 1961, world champion. **PAUL STEPHENS**, South Africa, 1961, and **JAN MIKE WILKINSON**, France, in 1960 were world champion. *Water Polo.*

[illegible]

MILNE, J. D. & NICHOLSON, T., whose names were suggested as the agents' names, had a car which they called "Me-Too" in the Wallflower as well as a beachfront home along Laguna Beach, Calif.

[illegible]

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

44-June 17 12 14
20-June 21 14 14
Cook's Throat Larks 27 27
17-June 27 27 27
45-June 27 27 27
18-June 27 27 27
19-June 27 27 27
20-June 27 27 27
21-June 27 27 27
22-June 27 27 27
23-June 27 27 27
24-June 27 27 27
25-June 27 27 27
26-June 27 27 27
27-June 27 27 27
28-June 27 27 27
29-June 27 27 27
30-June 27 27 27
1-July 27 27 27
2-July 27 27 27
3-July 27 27 27
4-July 27 27 27
5-July 27 27 27
6-July 27 27 27
7-July 27 27 27
8-July 27 27 27
9-July 27 27 27
10-July 27 27 27
11-July 27 27 27
12-July 27 27 27
13-July 27 27 27
14-July 27 27 27
15-July 27 27 27
16-July 27 27 27
17-July 27 27 27
18-July 27 27 27
19-July 27 27 27
20-July 27 27 27
21-July 27 27 27
22-July 27 27 27
23-July 27 27 27
24-July 27 27 27
25-July 27 27 27
26-July 27 27 27
27-July 27 27 27
28-July 27 27 27
29-July 27 27 27
30-July 27 27 27
31-July 27 27 27
1-August 27 27 27
2-August 27 27 27
3-August 27 27 27
4-August 27 27 27
5-August 27 27 27
6-August 27 27 27
7-August 27 27 27
8-August 27 27 27
9-August 27 27 27
10-August 27 27 27
11-August 27 27 27
12-August 27 27 27
13-August 27 27 27
14-August 27 27 27
15-August 27 27 27
16-August 27 27 27
17-August 27 27 27
18-August 27 27 27
19-August 27 27 27
20-August 27 27 27
21-August 27 27 27
22-August 27 27 27
23-August 27 27 27
24-August 27 27 27
25-August 27 27 27
26-August 27 27 27
27-August 27 27 27
28-August 27 27 27
29-August 27 27 27
30-August 27 27 27
31-August 27 27 27
1-September 27 27 27
2-September 27 27 27
3-September 27 27 27
4-September 27 27 27
5-September 27 27 27
6-September 27 27 27
7-September 27 27 27
8-September 27 27 27
9-September 27 27 27
10-September 27 27 27
11-September 27 27 27
12-September 27 27 27
13-September 27 27 27
14-September 27 27 27
15-September 27 27 27
16-September 27 27 27
17-September 27 27 27
18-September 27 27 27
19-September 27 27 27
20-September 27 27 27
21-September 27 27 27
22-September 27 27 27
23-September 27 27 27
24-September 27 27 27
25-September 27 27 27
26-September 27 27 27
27-September 27 27 27
28-September 27 27 27
29-September 27 27 27
30-September 27 27 27
1-October 27 27 27
2-October 27 27 27
3-October 27 27 27
4-October 27 27 27
5-October 27 27 27
6-October 27 27 27
7-October 27 27 27
8-October 27 27 27
9-October 27 27 27
10-October 27 27 27
11-October 27 27 27
12-October 27 27 27
13-October 27 27 27
14-October 27 27 27
15-October 27 27 27
16-October 27 27 27
17-October 27 27 27
18-October 27 27 27
19-October 27 27 27
20-October 27 27 27
21-October 27 27 27
22-October 27 27 27
23-October 27 27 27
24-October 27 27 27
25-October 27 27 27
26-October 27 27 27
27-October 27 27 27
28-October 27 27 27
29-October 27 27 27
30-October 27 27 27
31-October 27 27 27
1-November 27 27 27
2-November 27 27 27
3-November 27 27 27
4-November 27 27 27
5-November 27 27 27
6-November 27 27 27
7-November 27 27 27
8-November 27 27 27
9-November 27 27 27
10-November 27 27 27
11-November 27 27 27
12-November 27 27 27
13-November 27 27 27
14-November 27 27 27
15-November 27 27 27
16-November 27 27 27
17-November 27 27 27
18-November 27 27 27
19-November 27 27 27
20-November 27 27 27
21-November 27 27 27
22-November 27 27 27
23-November 27 27 27
24-November 27 27 27
25-November 27 27 27
26-November 27 27 27
27-November 27 27 27
28-November 27 27 27
29-November 27 27 27
30-November 27 27 27
1-December 27 27 27
2-December 27 27 27
3-December 27 27 27
4-December 27 27 27
5-December 27 27 27
6-December 27 27 27
7-December 27 27 27
8-December 27 27 27
9-December 27 27 27
10-December 27 27 27
11-December 27 27 27
12-December 27 27 27
13-December 27 27 27
14-December 27 27 27
15-December 27 27 27
16-December 27 27 27
17-December 27 27 27
18-December 27 27 27
19-December 27 27 27
20-December 27 27 27
21-December 27 27 27
22-December 27 27 27
23-December 27 27 27
24-December 27 27 27
25-December 27 27 27
26-December 27 27 27
27-December 27 27 27
28-December 27 27 27
29-December 27 27 27
30-December 27 27 27
31-December 27 27 27

faces in the crowd . . .



JOHN MEIER, 17, of Hudson, Que. took and held the lead in the last of eight races and skippered his Lightning home first to take Sears Cup and North American Junior sailing title at Narrows Class.



TOMMY A. HILL: It's a Hingham Mass. skippered his 210 South through strong winds and sudden calm to beat out fellow skipper Gregg Henne by 1/2 point for the National 210 title at Cohasset, Mass.



KEVIN HOSKY, 10, son of Sugar Creek, Miss., from marshland slutt, loved 350 clay pigeons without a miss, was prince father-and-son and high over all, at North American Trapshooting championship, Vandalia, Ohio.



ALAN KRAMER, US Marine, Pa. has earlier extraordinary announced his retirement from active competition after twirling his way to victory in 14 grand champion-ships and the grand national at Milwaukee.



First portable phonograph with big console tone!

"STEREO KING"

FROM CBS ELECTRONICS

NEW! STEREO 1

6-SPEAKER PORTABLE

\$139⁹⁵ COMPLETE

- Two 6", two 1" two 2" speakers
- Exclusive Columbia CD Cartridge
- Plays all records, all speeds
- Adjustable, two-tone case with two snap-on swing-out hi-fi speaker systems.

Another great Columbia "first!"

Model C1011, a portable phonograph with the range of voice, depth of tone, the brilliance of reproduction heard in expensive consoles. And it gives you the peak stereo

performance of Columbia **Stereo 1**. Later to king cycles of sound sweep through the room in every direction, surrounding you with the magic of a "live" performance. Only Columbia could create sound so great in a portable phonograph. Ask your dealer for a demonstration today. Lead the fun with **Stereo 1** at all the dances and parties and for good listening anywhere. Gives you more pleasure from your present records... and the new stereo records, too.

FROM A GREAT COLLECTION OF COLUMBIA STEREO 1 PORTABLES

STARTING AT \$39.95 CONSOLE AT \$129.95

(Price includes \$10.00 in sales tax of New York State.)

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPHS, 405 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Stereo 1 by COLUMBIA

NUMBER ONE IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SOUND

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by WALTER BINGHAM

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The pennant was selling at its lowest price in years, but no one seemed eager to buy. The **San Francisco Giants** held steady, a discreet distance ahead of the field, losing and winning, winning and losing. Johnny Antonelli, the moody ace of the pitching staff, won his 19th game, while Sam Jones and Stu Miller each added a victory in relief. Willie McCovey continued his extravagant hitting; he extended his batting streak to 18 games and in one stretch of five hits had four home runs and a triple. Catcher Hobie Landrin announced that as far as the Giants were concerned, all was calm, all was bright. "Sure we smell the money," he said, "but the fellows laugh it up. We're not panicking. That's for other teams." The **Los Angeles Dodgers** trotted along obediently in second place, shadowing but not gaining. Sandy Koufax struck out 18 Giants, tying a Bobby Feller record, but Don Drysdale lost control of his last ball and his emotions. He clipped the Cardinals' Joe Cunningham with a pitch and eventually lost his fourth in a row. The **Milwaukee Braves** showed not the slightest interest in defending their league title, although Warren Spahn did throw a three-hitter for his 19th win. The most heartwarming event of the week for all baseball fans was the appearance of Red Schoendienst for the first time this season, as a pinch hitter. After a frenzied rush on the league leaders the **Pittsburgh Pirates** were jolted back to reality by a double-header loss to Cincinnati. Nevertheless, Manager Danny Mortengauz refused to settle for fourth place. "We'll bounce right back," he said. "Look at the three teams above us. They're still struggling, and they've got to play us." The **Cincinnati Reds**, with nothing to lose but fifth place, got splendid pitching

from Jim O'Toole and Don Newcombe in the two victories over Pittsburgh. Both pitchers went the distance. With the 1960 season already in mind, Manager Fred Hutchinson switched Slugger Frank Robinson back to left field after a season at first base. The **Chicago Cubs** played drowsy baseball. Only Glen Hobbie's steady pitching prevented them from compiling a really impressive losing streak. Manager Solly Hemus of the **St. Louis Cardinals** invaded Los Angeles and said, "Frankly, I don't see how the Dodgers have been able to hang in there in the



FIREBALLERS Sandy Koufax of L.A., Jim Bunning of Detroit beat leaders Sandy fanned 18 Giants, Jim blanked White Sox.

page 26) were battling for third place—1959's most improbable story. When Milt Pappas of Baltimore shut them out 3-0, it was the 13th time this season the Yankees had been blanked, tops in the league. The **Detroit Tigers**, hounding the Yankees, got complete games from Moe and Bunning, the latter's a three-hit shutout over the White Sox. Harvey Kuenn maintained his .350-plus average to just about clinch the American League batting title. The **Baltimore Orioles**, one defeat away from sixth place, won three straight (two of them shutouts) to re-enter the battle for third. Bob Nieman, who has been Baltimore's best hitter since late August, won one game with two home runs. The **Boston Red Sox** put together a nifty losing streak just when it looked as if they might have a chance for the first division. It wasn't that the pitching was so poor (it wasn't great, either) or that the hitting was too weak. The Sox just played well enough to lose. In fact, it was due only to the valiant efforts of the **Kansas City Athletics** that the Sox didn't fall into seventh. The Athletics were winless for more than a week, due mostly to a collapse in pitching (Bud Daley, a welcome surprise earlier in the season, did a complete turnaround and lost four starts in a row). A hand injury to Outfielder Bill Tuttle didn't help either. For the **Washington Senators**, secure in last place, there were only two well-pitched games by Camillo Pascual, two home runs in one inning by Jim Lemon and the memory of May, when they were in the first division.

Standings: Ch. 89-51, Cleve. 77-56, Det. 68-67, NY 65-67, Pitt. 64-65, Bos. 63-74, KC 59-73, Wash. 55-80.

RUNS PRODUCED			
	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Jimmon, Bos. (215)	80	30	110
McKee, Wash. (240)	88	29	117
Winters, Bos. (242)	80	38	118
Fox, Ch. (208)	75	44	119
Calvin, Cleve. (243)	82	36	118
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Robinson, Ch. (217)	98	83	181
Preston, Ch. (200)	115	58	173
Austin, Bos. (341)	105	70	175
Bauer, Ch. (294)	87	88	175
May, St. (301)	104	63	167

*Deducted by subtracting RBIs from RBs.

pennant race." Then he sat back and watched his charges take two out of three from the Dodgers, including Larry Jackson's two-hit shutout. Fans of the **Philadelphia Phillies**, who could be pardoned for looking forward eagerly to the football season, got a pleasant surprise when their team got three straight complete games, and victories, from three different pitchers.

Standings: St. 76-59, LA 73-61, Mil 71-63, Pitt 71-65, Ch. 64-69, Ch. 63-69, St. 63-74, Phil 57-80.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

With relentless insistence the **Chicago White Sox** bore down on their objective—their first pennant in 40 years (see page 24). The Sox' professional pitchers, Early Wynn and Dick Donovan, contributed victories, while the batters delivered a generous supply of runs, including 11 in one inning. And the rich got richer. Billy Pierce, usually Chicago's best pitcher but sidelined with an injured hip for three weeks, reported that he was fit once again. The **Cleveland Indians**, with little chance to win the pennant and no chance to finish worse than second, accepted their fate philosophically, but continued their vain chase of the White Sox. "We had a good crack at it, anyway," said Manager Gordon. Herb Score, who started against Kansas City and couldn't get a man out, was rumored to be high on Frank Lane's trading list. The **New York Yankees** (see

STATS OF THE SEASON

	American League	National League
THE BEST PITCHERS		
Games won	Wynn, Ch. 18-9	Antonelli, St. 18-7
Complete games	3 tied with 13	Saunders, Mil 18
Wins per game	Score, Cle 4.50	Antonelli, St. 7.37
Losses per game	Lee, Det 1.21	Roberts, Phil 3.58
SOs per game	Score, Cle 8.12	Rodriguez, LA 10.83
Runs per game	Winters, Bos 7.58	Spahn, Mil 12.12
THE BEST HITTEES		
Percentage	Rosen, Det 356	Apkin, Mil 361
Home runs	Killebrew, Wash 28	Sankey, Ch 38
	(1 per 17 AB)	(1 per 12 AB)
	Clemens, Cle 39	
	(1 per 13 AB)	
Extra base hits	Saunders, Cle 61	Apkin, Mil 85
Runs scored	West, Det 104	Preston, Ch 115
THE BEST PERFORMANCE PER GAME		
Most runs	Cleveland 4.76	Cincinnati 5.06
Fewest runs	Chicago 3.86	San Francisco 3.99
Most hits	Kansas City 9.08	St. Louis 9.52
Fewest hits	Cleveland 7.95	San Francisco 8.79
Most RBIs	Cleveland 1.36	Milwaukee 1.32
Fewest RBIs	Baltimore 0.77	Pittsburgh 0.84

TEAM LEADERS

Batting		Home		Pitches		
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Ch. Fox	368	Lollar	20	Wynn	89-8	
Cle. Muroso	299	Coleville	20	McIntosh	36-7	
NY. Ketch	288	Wentle	20	Field	34-7	
Det. Parns	286	Maceville	20	Levy	17-8	
Bull. Wadling	217	Tranter	25	Pappas	16-7	
Bos. Ranzall	208	Jensen	26	Delock	11-8	
St. Lofley	184	Cove	17	Cole	10-11	
Wash. Lemon	170	Killebrew	39	Pascual	15-10	
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
St. Cepede	321	7 with	26	Antonelli	18-7	
LA. Spahr	308	12	Holgers	27	Drysdale	15-11
Mil. Apkin	381	Rosen	31	Spahr	18-7	
Phil. Buegler	308	Starr	22	Face	17-9	
St. Parns	320	Robinson	38	Newcombe	15-11	
Ch. Burns	296	Banks	29	Robbin	16-8	
St. Cunningham	280	Reyer	27	McDaniel	16-8	
Phil. Spahr	280	Post	19	Coney	12-7	

Based on statistics through Friday, September 1.

Arthur Mackenzie

The only way you can
reduce your taxes

FROM TIME TO TIME there are factions who argue that special taxes should be levied against a business or industry.

"And there is always the same reason given: these special taxes will help to relieve the burden of the 'little man' the average tax payer.

"This is a beguiling promise. And a great delusion.

"Take our own company as an example. Union Oil has no source of income except what our customers pay us. So every dollar we spend in the conduct of our business is a customer's dollar.

"It's a customer's dollar whether we pay it out for a truck, a tanker, a service station, a salary or a tax.

"Each time our taxes are raised, we have to get the extra money out of the customer by increasing prices.

"Every business does the same thing, or it couldn't keep its doors open. No matter what company pays the taxes, its only source of income is its customer.

"Direct and indirect taxes are, in fact, a major part of overhead of every business. And they always have to be paid. By you."

* * *

Arthur Mackenzie is Assistant Manager of our Tax Division.

His logic we think highlights a simple truth: You cannot lower your own tax burden by increasing someone else's.

The only way to reduce everyone's taxes, including the ones you pay, is to cut needless government spending at all levels.

YOUR COMPANY'S INTERESTS: White, Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.



Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA



MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL.

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
September 14, 1959

HAPPY MAN ON



A MOOR

His other missions accomplished, a famous salaried American who has had an unusually busy summer takes time off for a traditional Labor Day holiday and, to his own undisguised satisfaction, tests an unfamiliar linkside course in Scotland

by CHARLES MOHR

Photographs by Edward Fierl LOR



LAST WEEK the world's most famous amateur golfer brought lasting fame to every one of the 6,466 yards of the infamous Turnberry Golf Course in the Clyde valley of Scotland by stepping onto it in a pair of black-and-white saddle spikes and negotiating its 18 holes in 18 strokes over par.

"He's not a bad player. He's a' right," said Ike Eisenhower's venerable Scottish caddy afterward.

It was a ironic but well-earned accolade for a stranger to the Turnberry course who had put in a busy fortnight of traveling before getting his spikes on. He had paid working visits to West Germany's Konrad Adenauer, Britain's Harold Macmillan and France's Charles de Gaulle, and had set course records in public acclaim in Bonn, London and Paris. Now, like any Labor Day weekender, he was enjoying some deserved time off. The scene was the rolling, treeless linkside course near Castle Culzean on the western Clyde, where Ike, in token of World War II missions accomplished, has a perpetual castle apartment waiting whenever he cares to occupy it.

Ike was eager for golf as the plane brought him from France to his Scottish fief. "I don't care if I take 108," he admitted to White House Press Secretary Jim Hagerty. Scottish watchers were eager, too. They crowded the edges of the fairway as the President stepped to the first tee. "They've sure got confidence in me," Ike said. He hit a couple of practice shots, and then settled himself for his drive. Down the fairway it went for more than 200 yards. "Quite nice," went the spontaneous but still noncommittal verdict of the crowd.

The crowd was learning about its golfer, and the golfer was learning about his course. At Turnberry par is 71. It is a typical heathside Scots course. It is not one of the greats, but it is sporty and wild. It is relatively flat but somewhat humpy. The fairways last weekend were hard and slick; Turnberry has never heard about artificial watering systems. The traps are not too gruesome, but the course is full of tricky doglegs, and it has what the President might diplomatically call a very ungroomed rough.

The visitor's golf was a very fair response to the course. Strong from tee to green, Ike followed his 240-yard drive with an easy iron that put him on the 346-yard first green in 2. But three putts cost him his par. At this point, by arrangement, demure but hospitable Scotland stretched ropes across Turnberry

continued

PUTTER IN HAND and on his way to an 89, President Eisenhower strides intently behind his Scottish caddy after a fine recovery from bunker put him on Turnberry's 18th green.



IKE TAKES TEE FROM CADDIE TOMMY WULMALL AS SCOTS GALLERY CROWDS CLOSE



PRESSING CROWD ADDS AIR OF A PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENT AS HE TEES UP



WITH CONFIDENT GRIN, DESPITE UNFAMILIAR GALLERY, HE SIGHTS DOWN FAIRWAY

HAPPY MAN continued

to allow Ike to pursue the rest of the course in the privacy of his foursome, which included Club Pro Ian Marshall, Culzean Factor James Gray and Brigadier Sir James Gault, a British member of Ike's wartime staff.

The card below shows Ike's response to the holes that followed. By Turnberry tradition, every hole has a nickname, ranging from the dolorous warning of "Woe-be-tide" to the challenge of "Pin me out" to the simple instruction—on the 470-yard 17th—of "Lung Whang." Ike went through the first four in 5 over par. But after "Woe-be-tide" No. 4 he turned on a streak that would have saved many a professional a tournament win. He parred the long fifth ("Pin me out"), bogied the sixth and then nearly eagled the 448-yard 5-par seventh, getting an easy birdie. A bogey and final par gave him a 42 for the first nine.

The strain of a day which started with a Paris dawn began to tell a little on the President, who took to using the golf cart brought especially to the course for him more on the second nine. He was taking more strokes, too. Reaching the 428-yard 18th he was par in for a 45. But a skulled tee shot, a recovery wood and a mis-hit iron left him in a trap. Determined to save his good round, Ike dug in, lofted a soft pitch to the front of the green and got down in 2.

For a man who hadn't played golf since the Saturday before he left the U.S., when he managed to get in eight holes at Gettysburg, the 89 over Turnberry's unfamiliar layout was an honest triumph. But he was not through. Just before leaving Paris for Scotland on Friday morning, the President of the United States had sent off a sporting challenge to a pair of Stateside golfing cronies, Coca-Cola Director William E. Robinson and Cities Service's Alton (Pete) Jones. It was 3 a.m. E.D.T. when Robinson and Jones got the message, but they had time to signal back, before taking off for Scotland. "We'll be over." So on Saturday Ike was back on Turnberry again with Robinson, Jones and U.S. Ambassador Jock Whitney.

No scorecards were posted for Saturday, though Castle Culzean sources, wearing weekend smiles of their own, announced that the boss had turned Turnberry in the 80s again.

No Labor Day weekend golfer could have asked for more.

END



PITCHING FROM A BUNKER ON THE 12TH HOLE, KEE REACHES THE GREEN WITH THE SHOT THAT ALLOWED HIM TO BREAK 50

FINE ROUND FOR A PRESIDENT

The scorecard at the right, proudly posted by the President after his first round last week over an unfamiliar Scottish course, is one of the rarest private documents of the Eisenhower presidency: in the U.S. his scores are rarely revealed, his scorecards never.

The blank card with which the President began his round gave him clues. No. 2 ("Mak Siccar" told him to make sure, be careful. No. 7 ("Reon the Ben") was a dogleg tip. No. 10 ("Dinna Foutie") amounted to "Don't falter, swing away." No. 15 ("Ca Cuney") signaled take it easy. No. 17—"Lang Whang"—was Scots for bust it, brother! Aliba Hame? Back home to Culbrean Castle, seat of the marquesses of Aliba.

TURNBERRY AILSA COURSE SCORE CARD

Competitor's Score Only on this Card

SSS 7

OUT					IN				
Name and Length in Yards	SSS	Mark Win Lost Holed	1	2	Name and Length in Yards	SSS	Mark Win Lost Holed	1	2
1. Ailsa Craig — 346	4	5			10. Duns Foulies — 432	4	5		
2. Mak Siccar — 401	4	5			11. Haddens — 150	3	5		
3. Blow Weir — 393	4	6			12. Monument — 294	4	5		
4. Wre-be-side — 153	3	4			13. Tiddy Tap — 287	4	5		
5. Fin me coe — 422	4	4			14. Rish-er-Hops — 425	4	5		
6. Tappie Teorie — 233	4	5			15. Ca Cuney — 182	3	5		
7. Reon the Ben — 448	5	4			16. Wae Burn — 365	4	5		
8. Goat Fell — 425	4	5			17. Lang Whang — 470	5	5		
9. Bruce's Castle — 412	4	4			18. Ailsa House — 428	4	6		
3230	36	14-2			IN — 3133	35	In	47	
RESULT—MATCH PLAY					OUT — 3133				
Holes up	Holes down				TOTAL 6466	71	Total	87	
Marker's Signature					In Beggy Competitions competitors must enter their actual score for all Holes on or before				
Competitor's Signature					Handicap				

DESPITE

The Pan American Games were a warming success in spite of sparse crowds, much confusion

AT ONE POINT 14 marathoners wound their way through commuter traffic along Lake Shore Drive, but the impact upon the sporting fan of Chicago would probably have been greater had two newshawks decided to run a foot race across the Loop. While 2,200 athletes from 24 nations tugged and ran and sweated and strained for two weeks in the third annual Pan American Games, hardly anyone bothered to look. You could find one competition or another going on in the 28 different locations in and around the city, but it was August of 1959 and Chicago was more interested in the White Sox.

This does not mean, however, that this quadrennial spectacle of amateur sport was a failure physically or esthetically—if it was monetarily—or that the athletes strained in vain. For those who cared to watch, it was a delightful show. The United States, as expected, dominated the meet by virtue of both prowess and sheer weight of numbers, but the other countries could glory in some brilliant individual achievements. And they probably had more fun.

From the day the big carnival opened, it was apparent that this would be one of the worst-attended international athletic spectacles of all time. There were reasons: it was hot, and Chicago had been souped up all summer over festivals and trade fairs and visits from Russians and queens. And, naturally, the Sox. So while attendance did improve as Chicago caught some of the festive spirit despite itself, never were the walls of any stadium in danger of being battered down.

At first, it appeared that snafus and complaints would set back the

BRAZILIAN HERO Adhemar da Silva, regal against the sky, turns to see how well he did in winning hop, step and jump.



ALL, A DELIGHTFUL SHOW

Good Neighbor policy 15 years. Quarters for the athletes were good and so were most of the competition sites, but transportation between the two was miserable. Adequate pregame training facilities were lacking. The Cal-Sag Canal, site of the rowing competition, had one thing to recommend it: water. But there were no boat racks, no showers, no drinking fountains, no food, not even a hot dog. Visiting equestrians were offered the use of \$3-an-hour rented horses that had never jumped in their lives. The dietary staff at the women's quarters had apparently never seen an athlete; the original menu offered spaghetti and fudge cake.

But eventually the complaints began to fade away. The new track at Soldier Field was splendid, the new Olympic pool magnificent, the new bike-racing strip just fine. Steaks supplanted spaghetti, and the bus service to all points smoothed out. And, finally, the entire operation meshed so well that it took a tubful of fish dumped into the water jump on the steeplechase course and a sit-down strike by Haitian soccer players over questionable officiating to liven things up. Chicago, planning and preparing furiously in a short 18 months, had done a wonderful job.

It is an un sentimental and deadening truth, however, that an athletic contest must involve some uncertainty over the outcome to maintain its status. As far as team achievement was concerned, there never was any; in the individual events, there wasn't much more. The Pan American Games were a U.S. show.

An exception was the men's 400-meter dash, where George Kerr, of the West Indian Federation by way of the University of Illinois, ran away from everyone and led a 1-2-3 West Indian sweep of the event. In the 1,600-meter relay, Kerr, with three other U.S.-trained West Indians, won again. Berta Diaz, a doll from Cuba, flitted over the high hurdles to win going away. Lieutenant Wenceslau Malta, a paratrooper in the Brazilian

continued



HAT IN HAND. Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker sternly congratulates pretty fellow Canadian, Ernestine Russell, for victory in gymnastics competition.

army, survived the harrowing adventures which felled his opposition at every step, and won the games' most hilarious event, the pentathlon (see page 76). Lovely Marlene Ahrens of Chile became the women's javelin champ; Juan Torres of Cuba won a gold medal in weight lifting; Osvaldo Suarez of Argentina ran off with the 10,000 meters; and svelte Adhemar Ferreira da Silva of Brazil, for years the best hop, step and jumper alive, kangarooed to an easy win in his event despite an injured leg.

Most of these Latin-American victories, tucked into the agate type of U.S. newspapers, earned front-page headlines back home. And when Mexico's fine tennis team—Yolanda Ramirez and Rosa Reyes in women's doubles, Gustavo and Antonio Palafox in men's doubles—joined Luis Ayala of Chile to carry off three of four championships, Mexico City newspapers not only blared forth the news but knocked a major political address down to soapbox size.

But mostly it was Uncle Sam. Led by Chris Von Saltza, a water nymph with blonde hair, U.S. swimmers and divers were in a frothy class by themselves. In track and field Sprinter Ray Norton, the heeey U.S. shotput and discus corps and the U.S. hurdlers and jumpers dominated the show. In basketball, the Latin Americans are closing in—but not too fast. U.S. Coach Fred Schaus had the two best teams in the tournament and alternated them without mercy. American boxers, wrestlers, weight lifters and fencers were generally superior, too. Even U.S. water poloists managed to dethrone the two-time champions from the Argentine.

Considering the long track season which led to Chicago, the lack of competition for the swimmers and the fact that August is not the month for U.S. basketball, it was a rewarding show. The times were excellent, new records were set by the gross. It should be remembered that attrition among athletes is great, and the vast army which represented the U.S. at Chicago will not necessarily include the same faces a year later at Rome. But this team was a perfect example of what the nation can—and probably will—do at the XVII Olympiad. Using the Pan American Games as a measuring stick, the soft life hasn't quite got our kids yet.

And now, back to the Sox. **END**



BRAZILIAN SNIPE, A WINNER FIVE STRAIGHT TIMES, CAPSIZED IN THE SIXTH RACE.

HEAVY MORNING TRAFFIC ON CHICAGO'S BUSY LAKE SHORE DRIVE HAD TO LEAVE





WAS RIGHTED BY ITS TWO-MAN CREW, CAME ON TO WIN AGAIN



WEST INDIAN WINNER George Kerr strides through tape first to give Islanders upset win over U.S. in 1,600-meter relay.

ONE LANE FREE FOR PUFFING FIELD OF MARATHON RUNNERS



ARGENTINE LOSER Oscar Vdovisek, beaten in single sculls, glides glumly across finish on rock-bordered Cal-Sag Canal.



BIGGEST



Two men are out and a man with good wheels is dangling off second. At the crack of the bat he puts his head down and takes off for third. The outfielder charges in, fields the hit on the run and makes the long, flat, desperate throw to the plate as the speed boy, taking the big turn, careens around third and, arms pumping, heads for home, the throw blurring over the infield to the catcher.

It was the eighth inning last week in Chicago and the flashy Sox were leading Cleveland in the first game of the three-game series 2-1. The speed boy was Minnie Minoso. The outfielder was Al Smith. A monstrous, overflow crowd of 48,000, routing the Sox to their first pennant in 40 years, became silent as Minnie made his slide. Then Umpire Frank Umont whirled and threw his thumb into the suddenly uproarious night. Minnie lost. Smith won. It was the biggest out of the week.

The Sox went on from there to win their 31st game by one run, 3-2. It was also their fifth straight victory in 10 days over the second-place Indians. As the trumpet player in the band which entertained before the game said, "We got a lot of requests for *California, Here I Come*."

"I don't exactly know how it's happened," said Sox President Bill Veeck. "In some unbelievable manner we've been able to win games." Or as fan Derry Gordon jinglejangled on a poster outside Comiskey Park:

"I love sugar and I love my tea,
So White Sox please don't sour on me.
Come on little Luis, I know you're like a deer. Get on cause little Nellie behind you and I know he is hell. Come on Lollar, I know you'll make them hollar. Let's go Al. I know you're my pal. Go, go White Sox." The White Sox weren't going. Man, they were gone. **END**

BARRELING for home (1), Indians' Minoso seems to have a good jump on throw from the outfield (only arrow), but despite Minnie's haste, ball overtakes him (2, 3) and Catcher Lollar makes tag (4).

OUT OF THE WEEK



THE YEAR CASEY QUIT

The skipper of the skidding World Champions is caught in a catnap. In a not-so-far-fetched fantasy, a wide-awake observer speculates that Ol' Case might have been dreaming of the glory that would have been his if he had retired after winning the great World Series of 1958

by GERALD HOLLAND

IT was cruelly hot and humid this evening in the New York Yankees' dugout at Cleveland. At one end of the long bench sat Casey Stengel, all alone. The Yanks were deep in a slump, and sportswriters have a way of avoiding the bench of a losing ball club. In the old days Stengel would have been surrounded, but now there were only two baseball reporters seated at the far end of the dugout, and they were silent in the oppressive heat. On the field the dispirited Yanks were taking batting practice.

Only the monotonous hollow sound of ball against bat and the resulting echo disturbed the quiet moment. Presently Casey's eyelids grew heavy, fluttered and then closed. Not for long, to be sure, but perhaps long enough . . . just long enough to dream.

THE GRAND BALLROOM of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York rocked with the laughter of the 1,500 persons attending the annual dinner of the New York Chapter, Baseball Writers Association of America, on the evening of February 1, 1959. The speaker was Casey Stengel, and he had never been in better form. With the memory of his masterful handling of his Yankees in the superb seven-game World Series of 1958 still fresh in the minds of his audience, he played to the hilt the role of the eccentric genius, running on through nonstop sentences filled with obscure parenthetical asides and hilarious references to "this fella, that fella, the other fella." Then, abruptly, Casey was strangely silent. He

stood for a long moment, staring up at the ceiling, and something about his manner caused a hush to fall over the assembly. Partly raised drinks were slowly lowered. Men exchanged glances in half alarm, half expectation of a bigger, better joke to come. At last Casey spoke:

"I ain't," said Casey, "going to beat about the bush. Here it is, I'm 69 years old. I won nine pennants for the Yankee organization, except I have to say it was the players that done it, with the help of Mr. George Weiss in the front office, and I just was another world championship. Now I been thinkin' things over and I decided this is the time to hang up old No. 37 and retire."

Stengel raised his voice and rushed on: "Yes, I'm quittin' and I got to say this. I'm turnin' over to whomever Mr. George Weiss picks as new manager the greatest Yankee ball club I ever managed and I'm sayin' right now it's gon' to win again because it's got good es everythin'—pitchin', hittin' and the fella that can make that double play and go for the big one when it's needed. It can't lose, I don't care who's manager. Even Bill McCorry, the travelin' secretary, could manage this ball club to the pennant. Thank you, one and all, and if you ever get out to Glendale, California drop in and see me in my private office at the bank."

The audience rose as one man, and the cheers for Stengel rattled the crystals of the great chandeliers. Stengel stood smiling, his hands clasped above his head. There were excited exchanges at tables here and there. Men shouted in each other's ears:

"Smart move . . . quit winner . . . great time to go out . . . couldn't top his record anyway . . . one of baseball's immortals . . . cinch for Hall of Fame . . . etc., etc."

Spontaneously, a mighty chorus sang *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. It was the most moving farewell in all baseball history.

General Manager George Weiss waited for a few days before announcing Stengel's successor. No one was surprised when Weiss named Ralph Houk, Yankee coach, who had frequently been mentioned as a candidate for the job when and if Ol' Case decided to retire.

When spring training had rolled around, the annual predictions were made. Milwaukee was the No. 1 selection to repeat in the National League and, as for the American, nobody dared to suggest that the Yankees could fail to win again. As one writer put it, "The Yanks have just too much hitting, pitching, speed, defense and depth. Weak spots in the Yankee lineup? There just aren't any weak spots."

But as the season opened (and Casey Stengel settled down in his job at the bank in Glendale, California), strange things began to happen. The powerhouse of Stengel's regime began to break down. Pitchers—even Stengel's "professional," Whitey Ford—couldn't seem to go the route. There was a rash of injuries and flu cases and mysteriously sore arms. Before June 1st the incomparable Yankees were, horribly incredibly though it was, in last place. They rallied, but in early July they flunked out, and again it was noted that they were not even playing 500 ball any more.

An incident that was not reported in the newspapers or shown by the television cameras occurred along about this time at Yankee Stadium. A man seized the microphone from the public-address announcer and screamed into it: "Bring back Casey Stengel!"

A little later this incident was dis-

THE YANKS

tuned to take on fearful significance. At the end of July the injury-, accident-, influenza-prone Yanks were staggering badly. In a week, they made 12 errors and presented opposing teams with 10 unearned runs.

There were some ominous, thinly veiled attacks on George Weiss himself. Where was the Yankee farm system, where were the replacements, what had happened to Mickey Mantle? He could hit for Stengel—most of the time, anyway.

SURPRISE APPOINTMENT

Something had to give. In early August, a despairing Ralph Houk called a press conference and announced his resignation. Acting swiftly to fill the void, George Weiss called a second conference and announced that Houk would be succeeded by Bill McCorry, the Yanks' traveling secretary, as acting manager. Before the astounded sportswriters could get out a question, Weiss paid a glowing tribute to McCorry, who, he said, had once been a minor league manager (at Albany, N.Y.) and, moreover, had pitched for the old St. Louis Browns in 1909. Weiss said he had been deeply impressed by a fighting speech McCorry had made on the Phil Rizzuto postgame broadcast a few days previously. Viewers then remembered that McCorry had told Rizzuto that the Yanks needed some of the oldtime fighting spirit. "They ought to be scrapping with the umpires and getting thrown out of ball games," McCorry declared. "If they did that, I'm convinced we'd cop the old hunting *i.e.*, win the pennant] even at this late date."

McCorry's major and minor league experience was well known to the Yankee players. Someone had looked up his pitching record with the old Browns (he had won no games and lost two during the 1909 season), and he was affectionately known as "Old Oh-and-two."

Although he was clearly a stopgap manager, McCorry swung into action.



His first act was to call a clubhouse meeting, which he threw open to the press. In a fighting speech, which was essentially the same as he delivered on the Rizzuto telecast, McCorry cried that he wanted "to see more scrap out there, more fighting with the umps even if it means getting thrown out of the ball game."

Things got no better. One day the fans began the chant that was to become a fixture of Yankee home games from then on. "We want Stengel," the chant ran. "Bring back

continued



Casey?" Banners calling for Stengel's return were so thick in the bleachers and grandstand that it was impossible for the guards to eject all of the guilty parties from the ball park.

Sensing the trend of public opinion, the sportswriters began to write pieces speculating about how Casey Stengel would have handled the team. "It is inconceivable," one of them wrote, "that Stengel would have permitted the club to become so disorganized. Under Stengel, Ford and Turley alone would have kept the club up there, and Casey's masterful platooning would certainly have minimized the effects of the injuries. Make no mistake about it, Stengel, and Stengel alone, was the genius responsible for the fabulous success of the Yankees."

As the Yankees themselves slumped on, the fans began to gather in little groups on Fifth Avenue outside the Yankees' downtown office. Speakers mounted stepladders to harangue the assemblies, recalling the old America First rallies of pre-Pearl Harbor days. Inevitably, the meetings ended with the ominous chant, "Bring back Casey Stengel! We want Casey!" Soon the war cry appeared on placards and small parades took form.

A LEADER APPEARS

It was inevitable that, in this highly charged atmosphere, a leader should appear. One did. He was a plumber's apprentice by trade, a young man in his late 20s. One night he shinnied up a lighting standard outside the Yankees' Fifth Avenue office and left dangling at the end of a rope a straw-stuffed effigy labeled "George Weiss." The crowd roared its approval and to the chant, "Bring back Stengel," they added, "Down with George Weiss!" The hero of the hanging episode gave his name to reporters as Fidel Brannigan of The Bronx.

Brannigan soon displayed rare talents as a rabble-rouser. He consolidated all the street-corner groups and marched them into Central Park to the Mall. On the Mall, Fidel Brannigan made a wild and almost hysterical speech to the mob and revealed his strategy for reviving the Yankees: he himself would fly to Glendale, California and try to persuade Casey Stengel to return as manager. The frenzied crowd roared its approval, and at once hats were quickly passed around to raise the price of

a round-trip jet flight for Brannigan.

Next morning, accompanied by sportswriters from all the New York newspapers as well as the principal wire services, Brannigan landed at Los Angeles and was driven immediately to the Glendale National Bank. The receptionist, advised of Brannigan's mission, led the party to an office door marked, "C. Dillon Stengel. Walk In."

As soon as the TV cameramen signaled their readiness, Brannigan seized the knob and flung open the door.

Stengel was phoning. He looked up, recognized some of his former writers and waved a greeting. Then, putting his hand over the mouthpiece, he said, "Excuse me, gentlemen. I'm on the wire here with Wall Street, New York." When he had finished talking, Stengel smiled at his visitors. He looked years younger. His face had filled out, erasing the lines and wrinkles that Brannigan and the writers remembered so well.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" asked Stengel.

The sportswriters pushed Fidel Brannigan forward. Face to face with his hero, all the bravado vanished from the leader. His eyes filled with tears and he threw out his hands in supplication as he cried:

"Come back, Casey! Come back to us! They've ruined your ball club! It's a mockery! They don't know what they're doing! You could still save them, Casey! You'd know what to do with this fella and that fella and the other fella!"

Stengel stood up. "I am afraid," he said, "that I do not understand. When you say 'this fella, that fella, the other fella,' to whom, exactly, do you refer?"

A writer stepped forward, a look of utter bewilderment on his face, and asked incredulously, "Casey, what's happened to you? You've changed, Casey!"

Stengel held up a hand. "Please, it's not Casey. I am using my middle name, Dillon, now. It's more suitable in the banking business. You've heard of Dillon of the Wall Street firm of Dillon, Read and Co. Inc.?"

Another writer blurted: "You talk different, Casey! You're not the same man at all!"

Stengel nodded. "I dare say I have changed. Well, to tell you the truth, gentlemen, I placed myself under the care of a phenologist upon my retirement from baseball, and in my

sessions on his couch I found that I had been putting on an act in talking gibberish during all those years in baseball. I found I am as articulate as the next man."

"You don't mean phenologist, Casey," a writer cried, "you mean psychiatrist!"

"No," said Casey. "I mean phenologist, a fellow that measures your head and feels the bumps and flat places and is able to analyze your character from that. He did me a world of good. He says I now have a completely new personality."

Brannigan stepped forward. His face hardened. "Don't kid us, Stengel," he growled. "We didn't come here to talk phenology. This thing back home has gone too far. Don't pretend you don't know about this fella and that fella and the other fella. If you don't, you'd better hush up. Maybe you haven't heard, Stengel, but the fans are marching in New York. I can control them for a while but not forever. This thing is spreading. Kefauver is going to bust it wide open in the Senate. Celler is determined to get to the bottom of things in the House. Rockefeller is calling a meeting. I can't answer for the safety of George Weiss. There are some ugly things being said about McCorry. They're saying maybe, with the big crowds they're drawing on the road, maybe they don't want to win! How do you like that, Mr. C. Dillon Stengel?"

BRANNIGAN'S ULTIMATUM

Stengel drew himself up. His jaw jutted out and his eyes flashed. He pounded the desk with his fist. "No," he cried, "I won't hear a word against McCorry! Are you suggesting that McCorry would *throw* a game? McCorry is incapable of throwing a game or of throwing *anything*—even a baseball. He proved that as a pitcher for the Browns in 1909!"

"All right, forget McCorry," roared Fidel Brannigan. "What is your answer, C. Dillon Stengel? Will you come back as the old Casey—or won't you?"

FIDEL BRANNIGAN never got his answer. For in the hot and humid dugout in Cleveland, Casey Stengel—who had nodded for just a moment—woke up.

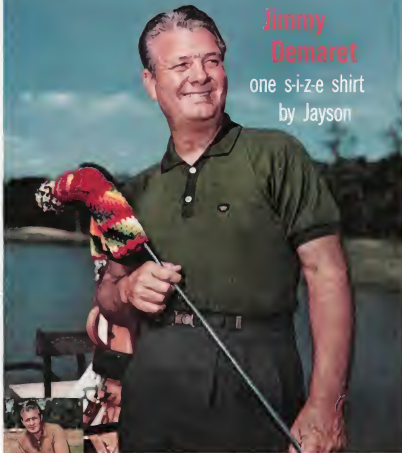
Casey woke up to the reality. He hadn't quit at the peak of his career. He was still old No. 37 and he was stuck with it.

END

new!...exclusive!...fits all men!

**Jimmy
Demaret**

one s-i-z-e shirt
by Jayson



Jimmy Demaret, photographed at Champions Golf Club, Houston, Texas



Imagine...all these extra features in the one-size knit shirt that fits all men: action-free raglan sleeves; fashionable convertible collar; 13 colors and white in a choice of heather tones in COURTAULDS' COLORAY® and combed cotton, or solids in 100% fine combed cotton; colorfast and wash-and-wear. Short sleeves \$5.00. Long sleeves \$5.95.

Available at fine stores everywhere or write JAYSON, 180 - 1115 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

Jayson



Leaders in the world of campus and professional sports, these men are also leaders in the world of business. And their choice in clothing is the Ivy styling that cuts across both worlds . . .

"THE AUTHENTIC LOOK" BY CLIPPER CRAFT

It's true that Ivy began on the campus. But no styling so young in spirit, so trim in appearance, could long remain the exclusive property of any one group. So Ivy has branched out. Today, it's the hallmark of good grooming for men of all ages everywhere. From college classrooms to business offices.

Our five sport stars, for example, have left behind their undergrad days. They're now successful executives in various businesses and

careers. Yet, in styling, their choice is still Ivy—and it looks great! That's because the Ivy suits they wear are "The Authentic Look," tailored by Clipper Craft, one of America's largest manufacturers of men's clothing. These suits feature natural shoulders, narrow lapels, lapped seams, stitched edges, hooked vents, pleatless trousers, tapered sleeves and trousers — clothing faithful in every respect to the Ivy tradition.

"Authentic Look" clothing — Fall

suits, sport coats and topcoats — is available at hundreds of fine stores across the nation. And you don't have to be a successful executive to afford it. The suits, in superb fabrics, cost only \$50 and \$55; sport coats are \$29.95, topcoats are \$50 (slightly higher in the West). For the nearest store where you can see "The Authentic Look," drop a card to Clipper Craft, Trimount Clothing Co., Inc., 18 Station Street, Boston 20, Mass.



◁ THE STARS CHOOSE IVY.

Bobby Riggs—Former amateur and professional tennis champion. Now in the photography business.

Lou Kusterow—Former All-American half-back (Columbia). Now NBC sports producer.

Andy Bathgate—All-star forward, N. Y. Rangers. Known as "the Joe DeMaggio of hockey." Also owns a golf driving range.

Willard Marshall—Former star outfielder and batting star, N. Y. Giants. Now in insurance business. Also scout for San Francisco Giants.


Bud Palmer—Former All-American basketball star (Princeton). Now a leading TV sportscaster.

A large flock of wild ducks is captured in flight, filling the sky and foreground. The ducks are seen from various angles, some in sharp focus and others blurred, creating a sense of movement and density. The background is a pale, hazy sky, and the foreground is filled with the dark, winged shapes of the birds.

THE BEAT OF THEIR WINGS

Photograph by Fred Sharp

MUCH OF the U.S. is suffering from a shortage of wild ducks this year as a result of last spring's long drought, and even those hunters along the Pacific flyway, where the ducks are relatively plentiful, are about to cry in their blinds over extra-stringent limit laws. In a statement bordering on outright rebellion, the Washington State Conservation Department last week said that it would not require its wardens to en-

A large flock of snow geese is shown in flight, filling the sky and ground. The birds are captured in various stages of flight, with their wings spread wide, creating a dense pattern of white and dark shapes against a light background. The geese are flying in a loose formation, with some birds in the foreground and others further back, giving a sense of depth and movement. The overall scene is one of a massive migration or gathering of these birds.

force the federal six-duck limit, and California expressed a controlled defiance of its own by adopting a five-duck limit per day, 10 in possession, permitting the hunter to retain two days' bag at any time.

But despite the grouching and complaining on the ground, the flyways of the nation were astir with the beat of wings—a beat made almost audible in this picture of snow geese on the rise. Most abundant of all North

American geese, the snows have just flown down from the arctic breeding grounds, where Eskimos and Indians (who call the birds "waxies") take their eggs, corral them in vast numbers during molting season for their soft white down and rich meat. As is plainly evident here, enough of the birds escaped the Eskimos and Indians, however, to fill the air with the graceful V's and diagonals that stop a hunter's heart in his mouth.

Impossible before CoRvaL



NORTHWEAVE first year-round wash and wear with a luxury air...

Dragons are imaginary. Northweave is real. Wear this amazing performance fabric all year for its care-ingly soft touch...luxury look...richer, deeper color...natural comfort! All gifts of Corval, Courtaulds' cross-linked cellulosic fiber, man-made to improve on nature. Look for Northweave, a Milliken blend of 35% Corval and 65% Dacron® that's automatic wash and wear, yet has all the warmth you want for fall. For name of store nearest you, write to companies listed below. Corval, a product of Courtaulds (Alabama) Inc., 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, (212) 681-1000 for performance fiber.

Men's Suits & Sport Coats tailored by A. S. MURDER'S SONS, Inc., 280 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • Men's & Boys' Suits tailored by THOMPSON & CO., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C. • Boys' Suits & Sport Coats tailored by PHILADELPHO & SINGER, Inc., East Boston 20, Mass.

Suits, \$45 and \$49.95
Sport Coats, \$29.95 and \$32.95
Suits, men's, \$9.95, Boys' from \$6.95

COURTAULDS' quality-giving fiber



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

International Gamesmanship

OFFICIALS of international athletic games, as Avery Brundage could so warmly testify, have as much difficulty keeping politics out of their stadiums as ordinary citizens do in keeping ants out of picnic lunches.

To be sure, things have been politically peaceful at Chicago's Pan American Games (except for a wrestler from the Dominican Republic who has asked for asylum rather than return to Trujillo-land). But at Turin, Italy, where 1,652 athletes from 39 countries competed in the University Games, things were chaotically normal. There the Austrians were mad at the Italians because of the troubles of the Austrians in Italian-controlled South Tyrol; the South Koreans were mad at the North Koreans until the North Koreans, who were mad at the Italians, went home in a huff; and lots of people were mad at the U.S., which ignored the games except for three unofficial athletes.

All this turned out to be of little matter, compared to the great bunting debate—Red Chinese bunting. First the Italians weren't going to let the Red Chinese play at all. Then, with second thoughts, perhaps, about next year's Olympics at Rome and mindful of the history of political uproar that invariably attends the Red Chinese in the world of sport, the Italians changed their minds. The Reds could compete, they said, but no Red Chinese flags could fly. The Red Chinese said they'd either fly their flag or go home, and it took Italian Foreign Minister Giuseppe Pella to offer a Solomon-style compromise. No national flags would fly at all, he ruled. To cap the affair, the Red Chinese student athletes proved no great shakes in the actual competitions. To local delight,

the Italians did remarkably well.

It all added up to a fine dry run for Italian officialdom, which now has an idea what it can expect when athletes from all the world, flags in hand, march to Rome in 1960.

Hmmm

VINCENT J. VELELLA, the East Harlem mouthpiece who was accused before a grand jury of acting as a

front for Mobster Tony Salerno in the promotion of the first Patterson-Johansson fight (81, Aug. 31) and who has noisy hopes of promoting the rematch, was grilled last week by the New York District Attorney's office in connection with the theft of \$45,297 worth of Government bonds.

According to the D.A.'s office, the bonds were last seen on July 31 in a New York brokerage office. A few

continued



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

days later they were redeemed in a Brooklyn bank by a man who said he was acting on behalf of someone who expected to open an account. The account was never opened, but on August 4, \$45,297 was deposited in an East Harlem bank and checks exhausting most of it were then drawn. One of the checks went to Vincent J. Velella.

Said an assistant D.A.: "Velella gave an explanation which, if true, is satisfactory."

End-of-summer Story

STUCK for 800 words to fill his column one day in mid-July, Hank Schoolfield, sports editor of the Winston-Salem Journal, spun out a semi-plausible tale that he had heard at a banquet. As Schoolfield got it, a pastel Cadillac drove up to a North Carolina lake one slummy afternoon, then backed down to the water. Hitched behind the car was a chrome-crusted speedboat, and hitched behind the boat was an outsize outboard. When the boat was launched her two-man crew unlimbered a fat

coil of rope and a pair of water skis. One man put on the skis, snugged one end of the rope around his forearm, and struck a statuesque pose at water's edge. His companion vaulted into the boat, made the free end of the rope fast to the stern and started the engine. "Is you ready, Ski King?" he sang out. "Let 'er go, Daddy-O!" responded the skier, his voice heavy with nonchalance.

The someone who told someone who told Schoolfield didn't recollect



if the runabout was making 20 or 30 knots when the rope at Ski King's feet was fully paid out. He did remember that, as the rope twanged taut, Ski King's skis remained more or less fixed in their tracks while Ski King himself departed the edging sands and described a glorious parabola in the air. He remained aloft for

about 50 feet, then sliced headlong into the lake. Daddy-O, meanwhile, his thoughts fully absorbed in the shriek of his engine, looked straight ahead as Ski King alternately dipped and rose and sailed along behind, not at all unlike a porpoise following an ocean liner. When, at length, Daddy-O got the drift and eased off, Ski King was gorged with lake water and his forearm was bent.

Legends usually live after men, not with them, but in the days after Editor Schoolfield's column appeared the story was widely reprinted in the Southeast. On top of that, by mid-August, Ski King and Daddy-O were turning up in local versions all over the country. Golfer Mike Souchak, returning to his home in Chapel Hill after the summer's tour, said that he had the story from Bing Crosby, and that Crosby had seen it happen on California's Lake Tahoe. Another version emphatically located the scene at Lake of the Ozarks.

Now, Daddy-O and Ski King (he's Ski Cat in Cleveland) have got the only real tribute men or legends can know these days: their names have been immortalized at least temporarily in a pop recording. Enson Calvin Beatty, a part-time hillbilly composer and singer, has cleared his throat, Tennessee-Ernie-Ford fashion, and has told Ski King's story to a repetitive, practically tuneless rhythm accompanied in lyrics like these:

Daddy-O opened that throttle wide,
It sounded like a swarm of bees.
All of that power from those 50 homes,
Made Ski King lose his skis.

Poor Ski King was a-flyin' low,
Like a porpoise up and down,
They circled the lake about four or five times,
Daddy-O never looked around.

Daddy-O was a-drivin' that boat,
Ski King was drinkin' the lake,
People were yellin' at Daddy-O:
"Stop the boat for goodness' sake."

So far in Detroit, Nashville, Boston, Minneapolis, Chicago and Atlanta, the recording has sold 65,000 copies, undoubtedly because of its

They Said It

PERRY JONES, 71, U.S. Davis Cup captain, announcing his retirement after the loss of the cup to Australia: "We should not be alarmed. We have many fine juniors coming up. Our tennis future is bright."

WALLY MOON, Los Angeles Dodger outfielder, dismissing a teammate in the on-deck circle before hitting a sixth-inning homer to beat San Francisco: "Don't worry. I've got it. You might as well take a seat."

HARRY MEMRE, former Georgia football coach, on being ribbed by Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver, who said he once saw Tennessee beat Georgia 46-0: "Yes, sir, and I once sat on the sidelines and saw you and Adlai Stevenson lose by nine and a half million."

GENE HOSSARD, Chicago White Sox groundskeeper, giving a reason why a groundskeeper's life is terrible hard: "Invariably, when a ball takes a bad hop, everybody says the ball hit a pebble. We haven't got a pebble on the diamond. We screen the ball field with one-eighth-inch mesh. There just aren't any pebbles. Sometimes a player will rip up a dirt and he won't know it. Then if a ball hits it the ball won't bounce true. But they always say it's a pebble."

LAWRENCE BERRA JR., 9, Yankee fan, son of Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra, observing that his father neglected to hustle down to first base after weakly tapping the ball back to the pitcher: "Heck, he doesn't even run!"

resemblance to the local story making the rounds and sworn to. "Why," said Orville Campbell, president of Chapel Hill's Colonial Records, which made the recording, "after the record was out I got a long distance call from somewhere. The fellow said he had a \$25 bet on that the story was true, so was it?" Businessman Campbell did not know and did not really care.

Competition in Texas

TEXAS now has a population of 8,000,000, all believers in rugged competition. Nothing is, therefore, more natural than that Dallas and Houston should now be bidding not for just one professional football team apiece but two.

The young man who started all this is Lamar Hunt, 27-year-old son of H. L. (for Haroldson Lafayette) Hunt, whom *FORTUNE* has classified (\$400-million-to-\$700-million class) as one of the seven richest men in the country. Quietly rugged Lamar, whose football experience included playing third-string end at Southern Methodist, where teammates nicknamed him "poor boy," decided that the best way to bring pro football to Dallas was to start his own league in competition with the 37-year-old National Football League. Traveling from coast to coast this summer at a pace that once found him spending a night on a Newark Airport couch, fast-moving young Lamar lined up financial backers in five cities (New York, Los Angeles, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Denver, Houston) to go with his own franchise in Dallas and announced formation of the American Football League.

But moving in on the same potentially lush grazing range now are the sons of two other Texas tycoons, Clint W. Murchison Jr., 35, son of Clint Sr. (\$100-million-to-\$200-million class), and Bedford Wynne, 36, son of Dallas' unranked but not unremarked Angus Wynne (real estate, cattle, oil). Attempting for some time to get the NFL to move into Dallas, they got a big boost in the hope department the other day when the NFL expansion committee recommended Dallas and Houston



"Did that bag gurgle?"

as the sites of two new NFL teams.

Getting the NFL expansion news on his car radio while driving home, Lamar's blood got as hot as the sizzling Dallas temperature. "This is an effort to sabotage us that will be apparent to 170 million people," he charged. He immediately reminded the NFL that Congress is well-known to be interested in the monopoly aspects of professional football.

Then, working harder than ever from the small Dallas Mercantile Bank Building office where he answers his own phone, Lamar Hunt began to battle for his newborn league and exchange potshots with his Dallas rivals.

Neither side thought much of what the other could offer on a football field. "It'll be an accident if any new NFL club finishes out of the cellar," said young Hunt. At the same time young Wynne was observing that the chances of Hunt's league proving successful are "very problematical, with the lack of players available and the caliber of players he'd have to go with."

Young Murchison even suggested that Hunt's new league was just a rich man's form of sour grapes. "I think that Lamar would have preferred an NFL franchise himself," said Murchison. "Formation of a new league was more or less a last resort."

But won't the American tendency to back an underdog help handsome young Lamar and his AFL? a questioner asked Murchison.

"Well, I'll be damned!" cried Clint. "You're the first person I ever heard call a Hunt an underdog!"

Meanwhile New Leaguer Lamar was getting set for a Los Angeles meeting this weekend, when two more teams are expected to be added to his AFL and a commissioner named.

In Texas, where you never punt until fourth down, Lamar Hunt still has the ball. (He also has a one-year option on the best ball field in Dallas—the Cotton Bowl.) For the present, Murchison, Wynne and the NFL can chiefly watch and wait.

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Athletes at Atlantic City

IN their annual rummage for the well-rounded girl the Miss-America people introduced in the '30s what their euphemistic press agency optimistically call "the talent judging." Since then the pageant has come a far piece from ukulele renditions of "That's where my money goes To buy my baby clothes."

This week in Atlantic City, for instance, Miss Michigan will give an archery demonstration. This is not the first time that a Miss has done a sports turn on the Convention Hall stage. In 1949 Miss Kansas rode a misbehaving horse. In 1957 Miss Tennessee fretfully bounced on her trampoline. In 1958 Miss Georgia flubbed an archery exhibition. But it will undoubtedly be the finest sports bit in contest history, for Miss Michigan is Ann Marston (35-23-35), the 1958 National Field Archery champion.

Although Miss Michigan is the pageant's most celebrated sportswoman, the Miss-America vital statisticians have done some earnest and momentous tabulating and discovered that their 54 contestants participate, more or less, in 19 sports. These are: fencing, tumbling, badminton, field hockey, rifle shooting, golf, tennis, swimming, water and snow skiing, skating, boating, fishing, basketball, archery, volleyball, bowling, horseback riding and sports car rallying.

The flocks reserve comment on the level of athletic proficiency but proudly point out that Miss Pennsylvania (37-24-36) "was center ballback in the U.S. Mid-East Field Hockey Tournament in '58"; that Miss South Dakota (35-24-36), "one of the 12 beauties who are swimmers, is a lifeguard at the city pool in Yankton during summers"; that Miss Maine (35-25-35) is "the rifle shooting bug"; and that there are six tennis players, five contest water skiers, four golfers, one basketball player, who besides being 37-23-36 is 5 feet 8, and one sports car rally enthusiast. The flocks admit that they don't know for sure what "enthusiast" means but assure us she has a lot of fun at it.

The judges can be relied upon to pick Miss America and her court by

the ancient values, but as sympathetic historians of the sporting change which has come over American life since the early days when Miss America contestants wore bathing suits but weren't expected to know how to swim, we have promised to pass on the heartening news.

A Law for Wild Horses

TEN years ago Mrs. Velma Johnston, the secretary of a Reno insurance agent, saw a truckload of bleeding and battered horses on a Nevada road. Investigating, she learned that many such truckloads traveled western highways. Their cargoes, destined for commercialized slaughter, were some of the wild, unbranded horses of the West's open ranges. As potential dog food, wild horses brought a few pennies a pound at the slaughterhouse. Their herds were easily hunted from airplanes, which first spotted them and then buzzed them across the prairies to exhaustion. One Reno rancher was credited with rounding up 40,000 that way.

Velma Johnston, the wife of a rancher and the daughter of Nevada pioneers, was shocked at the cruelty of the practice. She appealed to the Federal Government's land management bureau and was told to forget it. She then went after the commissioners of Storey County, and in

1952, after three years of campaigning, won her first victory when Storey County outlawed hunting wild horses by plane. Her boss let her use office stamps and stationery to answer her mail. After one national article about her she received 5,000 personal letters of support. But she was now meeting the fate of crusaders and was being ridiculed as Wild Horse Annie. In Reno, says a friend of Velma Johnston, crusaders are considered fanatical, "and five will get you ten they are nuts."

But by 1955 the Nevada legislature passed a measure protecting wild horses, and other western states followed. The truckloads bound for the slaughterhouse continued to pass, however: 80% of Nevada is government land; so federal legislation was needed. To impress Congressmen, Velma Johnston collected graphic proof of atrocious hunting methods: she personally took photographs of the exhausted, battered animals. Nevada's Representative Walter Baring took up her case. He introduced a bill in the House outlawing mechanized roundups and other inhumane practices (including polluting of water holes), and Montana's Mansfield introduced a parallel bill in the Senate. At the hearings on the bill before a House judiciary subcommittee in Washington this summer Mrs. Johnston had a crusader's triumph: for almost two hours she held the lawmakers spellbound with her quiet, soft-voiced account of her campaign. Now has come full victory; both the House and the Senate have just passed legislation prohibiting the use of planes in hunting wild horses.

All in the Approach

BEEN a hard summer? Take a lesson from the woman golfer who—and we have affidavits—faced a downhill lie five yards short of a wide stream the other day. "What club do you think I should use?" she asked her partner. "A seven," came the reply. Our lady looked at the scene again: the ball, the stream, the distant green. "No. I think I'll play it safe," she said. "I'll just carry it across." And so she did. **END**



Downin' Three

It rained, so the foursome
Adjourned to the bar.
At the end of the fifth
They were 4 under par.

—ARTHUR WILD

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization



Sam Miller—postgraduate at Duke—working for Master's in psychology—conducts disc jockey show "Music to Cram By" on college station—says as far as he's concerned it's "Music to Smoke Robt. Burns Panatelas By."

In junior year voted by co-eds "date most likely to succeed"—now engaged to pretty sociology major—plans to marry in fall—reveals all his dates had one thing in common: they appreciated the fragrant aroma of a Robt. Burns Panatela.



Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27¢. Other distinctive shapes: 2 for 25¢—15¢ each—3 for 50¢—25¢ each.



Starred for two years on lacrosse team—played last game this past spring and what a game it was—came away minus a tooth plus the fattest lip you ever saw—We won 8 to 7 but I couldn't smoke a Robt. Burns for a week."



Toured Mexico last winter on "grant-in-aid" from the family—liked everything Mexican except the cigars—says they tasted like "old sneakers"—"Robt. Burns ought to export its mild Panatelas down there, they'd clean up."

The reason for Robt. Burns unique mildness? Smooth Smoke® Binder Tobacco—a new form of tobacco, completely veinless for even burning . . . smoother smoking.

© T. M. Geo. Cig. Co., Inc.

THE WEST AWAITS THE WORLD SERIES



WORKMEN RUSH TO READY CANDLESTICK PARK FOR OCTOBER BASEBALL SPECTACLE

THE still unfinished outlines of Candlestick Park have become a sort of spectral vision in San Francisco, dominating thoughts and conversations even when the park itself is invisible. Last week, for instance, there was a welcoming crowd at the airport when the Giants returned for a long September home stand. They cheered and waved banners reading WELCOME HOME, GIANTS! and ON TO THE PENNANT! and SAN FRANCISCO'S FINEST! and other inspiring messages of pride and encouragement. It was 2:20 a.m. when the plane arrived, and 300 were on hand to greet it.

That gives the outlines of the plot: banner-bearing crowds in the velvet darkness of a California midsummer night, a stadium rising in unfinished majesty, the possibility of a pennant and worry about a place for the World Series if won. The sleepless San Francisco fans welcoming home the Giants (who had lost two out of three in Los Angeles) might seem a new baseball phenomenon, except that Los Angeles fans are revealing the same mixed apprehension and enthusiasm. There were 82,794 of them in the Coliseum

to watch Sandy Koufax strike out 18 Giants and win his game before the Giants started home to their welcome. And talk in Los Angeles casually mentioned crowds of 93,000 daily if the Dodgers played in the World Series. True, by Series time many college and professional football teams will also be using the Coliseum, and no doubt scuffing up the turf. It takes 27 men eight hours just to take down the various screens and fences for a football game in the Coliseum and eight hours more to put them back up for a baseball game. But nobody worried about these matters. "The Coliseum can be converted in six hours if necessary," said the Dodgers' vice-president Buzzie Bavani, with a faraway look in his eyes.

Destiny usually arrives for mankind along with a mixup about advance ticket sales and fears of traffic jams, bad weather or some other revelation of inadequate preparations for destiny. As San Francisco's hour of destiny approached it found the teamsters' union in the way. There was a picket line across the entrance to Candlestick Park. There were only

23,000 seats in place, but Contractor Charles Harney said there would be 38,000 to 40,000 by World Series time. Would the pickets let the additional seats be moved into the stadium? With a deep and proper sense of public relations, the teamsters said yes.

That was enough to revive the intoxication of the hour. A jazz musician revealed that he had written a musical composition in honor of Orlando Cepeda. He called it *Vera Cepeda!* The city engineers said the access roads to the stadium would be ready in time. The convention bureau announced there were 62,000 hotel rooms in San Francisco.

To the Old Established Cities of the National League (i.e., Milwaukee and East), the heady excitement of the West Coast looked like upstart expectation. Pennant fever in Year Two of baseball on the Coast? It was really too much too soon. But even the jaundiced old cities of the East (some of them suffering from too little too late) had to admit that, as of Labor Day, nobody had a better right to pennant fever than the cities of the Coast—Year Two or not. **END**

MCGREGOR SETS THE STYLE WITH LORVEL



Metregor creates a smart new trend in sport jackets with this new kind of classic called the "Luralure." Tops for campus or casual wear it's fashioned of COXE MILLS' new LURVEL, a cotton velour fabric with a smooth, velvety-like surface. Handsome geometric designs on burnished shades of Ash, Birch, Chestnut, Olive and Ruby. Sizes 35 to 46 long, regulars and shorts. Price: \$27.95.

the fabric **LURVEL** by



BONASA UMBELLUS
Ruffed Grouse

AMERICAN QUAIL
American Quail

COLINUS VIRGINIANUS
Bob White

LEPUS GAMBELI
Gambel's Quail



TAKE IT EASY— TAKE A FEATHERWEIGHT WINCHESTER 50 OR 12



MELEAGRIS GALLOPAVO
Wild Turkey



PHASIANUS COLCHICUS
*Ring-Necked
Pheasant*



SYLVILAGUS
FLORIDANUS
Semi-domesticated Rabbit



20 per cent less recoil effect—Because of the exclusive floating chamber design the Model 50 is able to control recoil so the effect is that of a push rather than a sharp jab. By actual measurement, the effect is 20 per cent less than that of other shotguns.



no power loss—Some automatic shotguns bleed gas from behind the shot to operate the action—others waste power fighting friction while forcing a moving barrel to do the work. The Model 50, working through a unique floating chamber design, gives you full power, without adjustment every time.

Whether you're a side-hill partridge shooter or a frost-nipped rabbit hunter, you'll instantly feel the amazing difference built into the new Featherweight Winchester shotguns. Prouder, lighter, these fine shotguns carry lighter, point faster and truer and bear all of the fast gun-handling characteristics so prized by the upland shooter.

Best of all, the use of new mirror metals has made this weight reduction possible without any reduction in the durability, safety and beauty that have always made a Winchester stand out. So match your modern light boots and hunting clothes with a Winchester Featherweight shotgun. Then, when that pheasant cackles out ahead of you just before quitting time, you're on him just as swiftly and smoothly as you would have been the first thing in the morning. Go to

your dealer and feel the difference—Model 50 automatic, \$144.95;* Model 12 pump, \$94.95.*

*Price subject to change without notice.



faster pointing—Many things—fit, feel and balance—contribute to the pointing of a shotgun. Your Winchester is designed to swing freely, balance just right, and point as naturally as a finger. Everybody shoots better with a Winchester—you will, too.



weatherproof—The drives and moving parts of Winchester shotguns are designed to stand the toughest weather. A Winchester is the steady of garden who are out in all weather every day of the season. Put that kind of reliability to work for you—get a Winchester.

Shoot either Western Apert or Winchester Ranger shot-shells and get extra power for perfect performance at all natural upland ranges. Both Apert and Ranger have the exclusive Viper Seal Cup. And over the powder so that all the power is let feel behind the shot column. You get full, dense patterns, evenly spread for maximum game-getting ability. For toughest upland birds—such as pheasant, shoot Western Super-X or Winchester Super-Speed shot-shells.



All Winchester and Western pointing is fast, sure, and accurate.

WINCHESTER Western



OLIN MATHIESON • WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION • NEW HAVEN 4, CONNECTICUT

ZEFRAN



who PUT the crease in Mr. Murphy's trousers?

Accident. Legend has it that the creases fore and aft in men's pants originally got there when stores began stacking pants on shelves circa 1900. The weight of the trousers lying on top of each other put in the crease. Accident soon became design.

what KEEPS the crease in Mr. McGregor's trousers?

Zefran. Zefran is the supernatural fiber because it combines the beauty of a superior natural with the

Zefran®

performance of a superior man-made. This means that while these slacks look and feel like triple what you paid for them, they *behave*. Press stays in. Wrinkles hang out. And the "newness" of the hopsack weave of wool with Zefran is there for life. All you have to know about the tailoring is that McGregor (a word that's worth a thousand pictures) did it.

McGregor slacks, JIR 95, blue-black, rust-black; maroon-black; turned orange-black (shown); at mcgregor.com/shirts

ZEFRAN — THE SUPERNATURAL FIBER

FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS EVERYTHING

Zefran is a registered trademark exclusively by The DuPont Company, Textile Fibers Department, Wilmington, Pa. This material may not be used or reproduced without permission.

HIGH NOON AT BROADMOOR

The man who defends his National Amateur golf title next week is Charlie Coe, who looks like a TV sheriff

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

LAST MAY at Muirfield in Scotland during the week of intensive preparation for the Walker Cup match, the American team received just the jab of jocularity that helps a side along when Mr. E. Harvie Ward (as the British refer to the Carolinian when they are not misrepresenting him as Mr. E. Harvie-Ward) released to his teammates the list of nicknames he had concocted for them. During his first warmup rounds, when he had been getting the ball out no distance at all from the tee and about as straight as a parenthesis, Harvie, while hoping for better things, had taken to calling himself "E. Mickey Mouse, the playing pro from Disneyland." Ruminating in this same vein in the leather chairs at Graywalls Inn, Harvie eventually rounded up sobriquets for his eight colleagues, similarly off-beat and on the mark. Ward Wettlaufer, the chubby young slugger, was "Baby Fat." The very blond Jack Nicklaus was "Snow White." Tommy Aaron from deep Georgia, "Cotton Mouth." Deane Beman, all focus and acuteness, "Bee Bee Eyes." As for the veterans, Bud Taylor was dubbed "Bulldog Drummond," Bill Hyndman "The Praying Mantis" and Billy Joe Patton (with his backwing in mind) "White Lightning." Charlie Coe, captain of the team, was "Wyatt Earp."

The easiest of these nicknames to arrive at, undoubtedly, was Coe's. There might be some debate in a person's mind as to which Western character the reigning Amateur champion most closely resembles, but nothing further afield than that. Tall, spare and with a deliberate gait that seems to kick up dust even when he is walking a clean sweep of Merion bluegrass, Coe, a 35-year-old oil broker from Oklahoma, has all the contingent attributes of the men who in-

roduced law, order and the invariable Boston schoolmarm to our rough frontier a century or so ago. When Charlie speaks, which is seldom while he is golfing, his words are brief and to the point and are uttered in a voice as dry as sagebrush. In tournament play few expressions other than the steady frown of concentration crease his sun-and-wind-worn face and, hole after hole, his blue-green eyes set straight ahead and unflickering, he advances toward the green as though it were high noon. To round out the picture, it should be added that when he is not bearing down on work at hand there is in Charlie Coe humor, graciousness and a fund of warmth, but even then he remains in character. He is the adult Westerner and, not unlike Ben Hogan, he enjoys taking seriously the things that interest him. This is one of the reasons why next week at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs he is the defending champion in the National Amateur and not simply a contestant who won the Amateur back in 1949 and whose game lost its sharpness bit by bit as he grew older.

When Coe at 23 first gained the Amateur championship at Oak Hill in 1949—the year before, he had given clear indications of his ability by reaching the semifinals and ousting Julius Boros en route—he possessed a very long, detailed and rhythmic swing, the kind that usually wilts as tournament pressure accumulates unless its owner is a real player. Well, Coe was that. In the fifth round, for example, three down with five to play against Mr. E. Harvie Ward, he evened the match by the home hole and won it on the 19th. The new champion was so altogether impressive that the best observers felt he would be one of those rare players who year after year would have an

excellent chance of repeating, the way a few choice amateurs had done in the 1920s when, to be sure, the field was much smaller.

During his next few seasons Coe fulfilled these expectations. He won the Western one year and went a very good distance annually in our Amateur. In 1951, in his one start in the British, he moved all the way to the final at Perthshire before losing to an inspired finishing spurt by Dick Chapman. And then, so inconspicuously at first that you almost didn't

continued



PURPOSEFUL stride of a vengeful Gary Cooper characterizes Coe on the fairway.

notice it, something began to corrode the timing in Coe's long swing and he became increasingly erratic and beatable. In the 1953 Walker Cup, for instance, he lost both his matches. He was put out in the first round of the Amateur in 1954 and again in 1955. The last straw, as far as his patience went, was a round in the 1957 Masters in which he needed 88 strokes. When he returned home to Oklahoma City, he impassively tore down his old swing and started the very risky job of building a new one. It wasn't half so pretty, the swing he gradually arrived at after months of study and practice. The arc was considerably shorter, the hitting action more brusquely efficient, but Charlie had much better control of it and really knew where the ball was going for a change. This has never been known to hurt a golfer.

Whatever working confidence Coe needed in order to trust implicitly in his new game he received in the 1958 Masters, in which he played four very solid rounds. He then went off on a genuinely brilliant sequence of achievements over the following 12 months: In June in the National Open at Southern Hills in Tulsa he was low amateur (75-71-75-74—295). In September he took the National Amateur at Olympic, in serious trouble only once during the arduous week, faltering in the morning round in the 36-hole final, calmly working out at lunch that he was mis-keying his swing by setting his hands too low at address, then coming back in the afternoon to play golf that was practically errorless. In October, in the heavy, biting winds at St. Andrews in the Eisenhower Cup, won by Australia after a playoff with the United States, he brought in the lowest five-round total for the American team. The following January, partnered in the Crosby, or the National Pro-Amateur Invitational tournament, with Art Wall (then on the eve of his fabulous depredation of the winter circuit prize money), Charlie helped the combine something like 27 shots as they blew the tournament wide open. In April, back for the 1959 Masters, he finished sixth with a great 288 total, noosing out Billy Joe Patton for the low amateur medal when, for the second day in a row, he picked up four birdies on the last six holes, a feat that went all but unnoticed because of Wall's even more

electrifying finish (five birdies on the last six holes) which won him that thrilling championship.

In more recent months Charlie has not played quite this well. The responsibility of captaining the Walker Cup team this past May seemed to cut into his concentration in his singles match with Joe Carr. Then, after all that straining golf and thinking about golf, he appeared tired and a little off his best form in both the British Amateur and our Open. However, with two full months of comparative rest behind him and the tonic pickup of a little dove hunting in the familiar fields around Ardmore, it would not be at all surprising if next week the old marshal of the badlands put up an unusually stubborn defense of his title. In addition to a really sound method and a reliable temperament, Charlie will have one other thing going for him at Colorado Springs: he knows the altitudinous Broadmoor course well—which should help him considerably in selecting the right clubs in the thin mountain air and handling the puzzling greens which break every which way and need lots of learning before you know which side is the right side of the cup to be on. Besides being a scenic delight, the remodeled Broadmoor is a suitably testing course. The nine new holes which Robert Trent Jones constructed a few years back are by general agreement among that architect's most imaginative work.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

Of all of Charlie Coe's fine performances during his renaissance period, there is little question that his repeat victory in the Amateur last summer was the most notable. It was the hardest. Composed of eight rounds of match play, the first six over 18 holes, the semifinals and the final over 36, the Amateur now stands as our lone surviving major match-play event and as the most grueling tournament on our national golf calendar. Besides requiring vast reserves of physical and nervous stamina, a certain amount of luck is needed to play your way out of the pack in the Amateur. In an 18-hole match anything can happen. Have the misfortune to run up against an opponent whose putter is working like a magic wand or who falls into one of those trances where he can do no wrong for four or five holes and, before you know it, before you have a chance to stabilize the situation, the holes have

run out and you are on your way home, wondering what happened, since you didn't play badly at all. The foreknowledge of how hard it is to stay alive in the Amateur impels old hands who are as keen as ever to ponder new and more arduous means of preparing for it. Last year Patton spent some time every day in the weeks preceding the tournament keying himself to start every round with a rush, and Bill Campbell topped off his daily training with a few miles of roadwork. Neither, it turned out, proved to be the right ticket.

There once was a time when a fellow could count on a breather round in the Amateur now and then. He could look up at the pairings board and see that his next opponent was someone beautifully unknown—say, Elmo Gresham from Ketchikan, Alaska—and deduce quite accurately that old Elmo probably wouldn't be too tough. Today just about everyone who gets to the Amateur is pretty darn tough or else he wouldn't be there. The other evening, for example, I was leafing through the record book of the postwar championships, noting the number of times players whom no one had ever heard of outside their section had cut quite a swath. In 1947, for instance, that fine established player, Charley Koeis, was put out by some unknown by the name of Robert Rosburg, who went all the way to the semifinals. Three years later a slim, sandy-haired kid who looked like a player's son somehow went all the way to the quarter-finals. This unknown was Frank Holscher. It's quite excusable if you can't remember the names of all the young unfamiliar faces. How many, really, are going to amount to anything? Is that same Amateur a kid from Ohio named Dow Finsterwald got knocked off in the third round. Why bother to try and get a difficult name like that straight when the chances are you'll never hear of him again, not with so many other really impressive young players showing up year after year?

For these reasons, the Amateur these days is a formidable Chinese puzzle, and only when the winner has solved it does it become clear what the solution was. In Charlie Coe's case, his method was simple. Over the course of eight matches in six days at Olympic he hit only a handful of bad shots. Only a few of the rest were sensational. They were merely very, very good golf shots. **END**



A CAUTIONARY MESSAGE TO THE TWO PER CENT WHO NEVER CHEAT AT GOLF

[VOL. II No VIII]

Well we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] were surprised to read recently that 98% of all golfers cheat a bit one way or another as they flail around to the 19th [or 10th, depending on the size of the course] Hole. We had somehow expected the percentage would be higher considering the psychological hazards. They are three in number and we hope it is not too late to save the remaining 2%.

- [1] **IGNORANCE.** It is astonishing how few of us truly know the rules. Ah, we are aware of the bare rudiments but beyond that make up our own childlike regulations as we go. Study, study, study is the only answer.
- [2] **TEMPTATION.** Who is to blame if Mother leaves the crock of biscuits where little Bolly can get to them? ☞ Do you see it is the same on the links? A furtive glance around, a sudden loss of count, and there you are: out of the sand trap and into the Pit. But in 4 instead of a possible 5 or 6. ☞ How to protect ourselves against ourselves? Perhaps Golf Wardens are the answer. And fierce, vigilant dogs to patrol the roughs; but we couldn't expect them to count strokes as accurately as a club-house radar installation. Once apprehended culprits could be pilloried or given committee chairmanships.
- [3] **THIRST.** Many golfers in their eagerness for the golden refreshment awaiting them will not only break into a sort of slow gallop toward the end of the round of play but will tend to be a trifle lax in totalling their scores though it is remarkable how seldom they err on the high side. ☞ But how

well we understand their impetuosity! For what is more of a spur to have done with dreary paper work than the lure of burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey?

Having removed the bunkers from the approach to probity let us proceed to a more rewarding subject. ☞ Through the courtesy of the Golfing Union of Ireland we are pleased to offer you a 1959-60 guest card good at all of Ireland's golf courses of which there are so many [209] you can play around the country without changing your shoes. Halting only for a burnished, emphatic pick-me-up before trudging joyfully on. ☞ It's a golfer's dream.

GOLFING UNION OF IRELAND GUEST CARD REQUEST FORM

Whiskey Distillers of Ireland
Box D1869, Dublin. Postage Air Mail 15/-, Slip 8/-

I should like absolutely free a 1959-60
GUEST CARD to Ireland's golf courses.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Country _____

Compact cars, Detroit's newest idea for 1960, will soon be seen on U.S. highways. First to make its debut will be Ford's Falcon. Here it is



FALCON WITH ITS UNITIZED CONSTRUCTION IS SMALLER THAN STANDARD FORD, YET LARGER THAN TYPICAL EUROPEAN

A NEW FLING FOR

by JOSEPH RAFF

IN THE MIDDLE YEARS of this decade—big, bullish, booming years—Detroit's Big Three haughtily ignored the influx of foreign sports and economy cars. Then two years ago, with a sobering recession mounting, the triumvirate blinked at the import figures and the sales of home-grown economy breeds (Rambler and the more recently successful Lark) and began to explain to the public why the little cars would never last. This year they took a hard look at the dollar-green wave of the future and produced their own variety of the economy automobile—appropriately tagged the "compact car."

Ford will be out first with its Falcon—a hip-snuggling six-passenger vehicle which they confidently think will be an irresistible second car, and which many others think may displace its larger blood brothers in many garages. (General Motors with the Corvair and Chrysler with its Valiant will also soon be in the compact-car act,

with appropriate fanfare. Their offerings will be introduced in subsequent issues.)

To Americans—who now are diet-conscious and willing to squeeze—the economy car is exemplified in such vehicles as the beetle-hunched Volkswagen, the pert Renault Dauphine and the basic Fiat 1100 sedan. The compact car, however, will not put the same squeeze on U.S. drivers: the Big Three are deferring to what they interpret as a demand for a bit more comfort, weight, luggage space and styling—without, we might add, the chromium cosmetics long thought to be the most notable characteristic of Detroit.

The Falcon is a fraction more than 181 inches overall, as against the 1959 Ford's 208 inches. It has a 109.5-inch wheelbase, about nine inches shorter than the standard Ford, and its over-all width is some seven inches trimmer. The Falcon is more pudgy and yet more sophisticated than her British Ford sisters Anglia and Prefect, and she is even stouter than the French Dauphine,



ECONOMY CARS. IT CRUISES COMFORTABLY AT 70 MPH ALL DAY AND HAS AMPLE SPACE FOR LUGGAGE AND PASSENGERS

Illustrations by Dan Todd

FORD: THE FALCON

which has an 89-inch wheelbase, 155-inch over-all length and a girth 10 inches narrower than Falcon's 70 inches. The American car crouches at 54.5 inches, while the Dauphine is 2.5 inches taller. In comparison to the 1959 Ford Fairlane series and Custom 300, the Falcon comes remarkably close to meeting the big car's interior dimensions. Its weight is 2,366 pounds.

The exterior is neat, trim and efficient, with thin walls and doors. There are only 12 parts in the Falcon door, compared with 21 in ordinary cars, and in the door frame two parts do the work of a previous 12.

Durability is a promise of Falcon, which will appear in two-door and four-door styles and will utilize an adequate overhead-valve engine which is expected to develop approximately 90 hp and give substance to claims of up to 30 miles per gallon. The six-cylinder plant has a 2½-inch stroke, one of the shortest in the industry, and a bore of 3½ inches. Friction should be reduced by these features. The six was selected over the four-cylinder

engine to eliminate lugging, affording a smooth haul at low speeds with heavy loads. Falcon claims the six gets only two miles less per gallon than a four-cylinder automobile would.

The standard transmission offered will be three-speed synchromesh, but Falcon offers optional automatic shifting similar to Fordomatic. Its pickup is spunky, covering 380 feet in 10 seconds from a standing start. A 1959 Ford will cover 362 feet. Furthermore, accelerating at 50 mph in a passing situation Falcon will cover more ground than a standard model.

In general appearance the new compact Ford has some distinctive family characteristics, such as the suggestion of a Thunderbird hood, a hint of Mercury in the windshield and here-and-there Ford family characteristics. If the Falcon is not strictly economy (it will cost about \$2,000), neither is it extravagant; it is new, it is compact, and it is going to give competitors, foreign and domestic, a run for their money.

END

CAMPUS FAVORITE!



Sir Jac

FOR ALL-WEATHER WEAR

This high-style *Sir Jac* is feather light yet tough warm, thanks to famous My Sil-Loft interlining. Made to order for hark outdoors. Only Washable and water repellent. Only about \$12.95. Ask for Model 4126L at most good stores.

STANLEY URBAN CO., DEPT. 36 • FERRIS HILLS, IND.

For the first time
in your life
you'll be content!

REVELATION
Smoking Material

Golfers FREE!
3 "SWAN" FLOATING GOLF BALLS
SOLD NATIONALLY AT \$1 EACH

...together with membership in The Golfers Club Plan of America. That's one cool and advantageous deal! A member in just \$2.95 and you receive 3 Swan Floating Golf Balls in your introductory Golf PLUS you can use all the new GCP Members Equipment Catalog and a Personal Sell-Back Book.

This exciting offer is made to demonstrate the many advantages of membership. You will have at your disposal the world's finest selection of American and British • Clubs • Bags • Balls • Caddies • Procs • Etc. etc. etc. all available at MOST SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS from the regular selling prices. Send your check for \$2.95 now. Your subscription guaranteed.

A TOP QUALITY BALL WILL NOT SINK IN WATER. WATER RESISTANT SPECS. EXCELLENT FINISH. VOLCANIZED TUBER.

GOLFERS CLUB PLAN OF AMERICA
2315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 24, N. Y.

TROTTING / Jeremiah Tax

The Diller did it, and Ralph was glad

The shy, quiet trainer of the Hambletonian winner let another man drive to victory

SOMETIMES, apparently, a man can be too good at his job. Wednesday, at the 34th renewal of the Hambletonian, trotting's great classic, in Du Quoin, Ill., Ralph Baldwin had the best horse in the race, but his name will not go down in the record books as the winning driver. He'd done his job too well; he'd developed not one but two superb trotters and had both at their peak for the race. Then, in as fine a gesture as this sport has seen, he gave the favorite, Diller Hanover, to someone else to drive and handled the other, Tie Silk, himself. Diller won; Tie Silk was second.

Ralph Baldwin's face has the same gently wistful look that comedian Harry Langdon's used to display on the silent screen. And, like Langdon's screen personality, Ralph is extremely shy. He and Jeanette Baldwin travel the harness circuit around the country year after year, keeping pretty much to themselves, although trotting folks generally are a highly convivial lot. The fact that the Baldwins are among the sport's most popular couples tells a great deal about what kind of people they are.

At 43, Ralph Baldwin has been for many years in the select company that comprises the truly expert developers of gaited horses. There are two membership requirements in this exclusive club: top-grade horsemanship and infinite patience in applying it to the task of making a trotting race horse out of a young, spirited animal who has notions on his mind other than staying on the trot at top speed for many a mile.

Ralph has both qualities. It is worth noting that he has often turned

out first-flight trotting fillies, who generally demand even more skill and attention than do colts. In 1957 he was second in the Hambletonian with a filly named Hoot Song; last year he was fourth with another named Sandalwood. He has been trying to be the winning driver in the Hambletonian—the dream of every horseman in the business—since 1948 without success.

Then along came Diller Hanover, and he was a good one right from the start as a 2-year-old last season. He won 14 of 23 races for Ralph, and most of the big ones whose fields included future Hambletonian starters.

Tie Silk, however, was another kind of horse, surely a far greater challenge to a man of Ralph Baldwin's skill and temperament. "He has," says Ralph, "a very light mouth. You can't take hold of him at all. If you put pressure on him through the reins he'll jump. A colt like that takes a long time to develop, because he has to learn to do everything almost by himself, with only the slightest signals from the man in the sulky."

"For this reason, too, he has to be taken away from the gate very slowly, clear of other horses. Finally, Tie Silk has a capricious streak in him which shows itself in, among other things, his refusal to enter has stall any way but hind end first."

So he developed slowly. Ralph was able to start him only six times last year, winning but once. He was still just another colt, eligible for the Hambletonian but hardly worth the starting fee, until just a few weeks ago, when all of Baldwin's patient care paid off and Tie Silk came on with an amazing rush. On August 26 at Sedalia, Mo., with Baldwin in the sulky, he beat his stablemate Diller by a nose and set a season's record of 2:00' in the first heat of The Matron Stake. Diller reversed the decision in the next two heats, but Tie



TRAINER RALPH BALDWIN (LEFT), DRIVING THE SILK, WATCHES THE DILLER WIN

Silk was just a nose and a half length away from him, successively.

Last Monday, Ralph Baldwin had to decide which of his colts he would drive. Diller might be his once-in-a-lifetime chance to ride into the Hambletonian winner's circle. On the other hand, would it be fair to turn over the reins of as touchy and odd-tempered a colt as The Silk to another driver—fair, that is, both to the new driver and the colt?

Ralph gave Diller to the skilled veteran, Frank Ervin, who had handled him in Sedalia. At 55, Ervin had

been vainly pursuing a Hambletonian victory even longer than Ralph.

The setting at Du Quoin was just about perfect. Great clouds of buff spreading welcome patches of shade under a brilliant sun; a magnificent, milk-chocolate-colored track drying out from a previous day's rain to lightning-fast condition; in the stands, 22,000 trotting buffs from all over the country, drawn to this race despite the fact that there is no betting in Du Quoin; a field of 15 horses that included the best of the country's 3-year-olds. For nearly everyone but

Ralph Baldwin the result of the race was a fitting, thrilling climax.

In the first heat, Diller Hanover demonstrated the courage that has sustained him all season. Outside all the way through a blazing first half mile, his greatest trial came with an eighth mile to go when, aptly named, The Silk came at him. These two fought out the last yards, stride by stride, and only Diller's handsome neck was over the wire before The Silk's nose. Ralph Baldwin, as usual, had been obliged to start slowly with The Silk. He'd been ninth at the half-mile post, had made up possibly a dozen lengths in a spirited rush, and all it had earned him was second place.

The second heat was marred by a jam-up of horses on the first turn which kept a number of them from putting Diller to a second severe test. Diller escaped the first-turn trouble by a few strides, was covered up on the rail to the head of the stretch and breezed home by two and a half lengths.

Frank Ervin drove him well, his name, deservedly, goes into the records. As for Ralph Baldwin—luckily, in addition to being a fine sportsman he is also a patient man. **END**

Contaflex SUPER GREAT NEW 35mm REFLEX

See it! You'll agree it's super

New automatic coupling of exposure meter with lens diaphragm gives fast, precise control of exposure. Two indicators show setting. One is in window on top of camera for waist-level viewing. The other is adjacent to view-finder—you see it as you sight—with no obstruction in the field of view.

Other new refinements include a rapid lever for fast sequence shooting, collapsible rewinding crank and new rewind lock.

Famed Carl Zeiss Tessar f 2.8 50mm lens in Synchro Compur MXV shutter to 1/500. Takes Pro-Tessar tele and wide-angle component lenses and standard Contaflex accessories. \$199.

Also Contaflex RAPID without built-in meter, \$169.



At Zeiss Ikon dealers. Write for booklet.
CARL ZEISS, INC.
485 Fifth Avenue, New York 17



Sharp focus assured by combined exposure meter and focusing screen (seen in center of view). Exposure needle at right permits quick check on exposure.

FALL

The Quarterly Sporting Look Preview

The big fall news is that sportswear takes on a new look from the color and texture of the field. The colors—burnished golds and bronzed greens, russet reds and burnt oranges—come right from the autumnal countryside. The textures—tweeds, coverts, corduroys and whipcords, booting leathers and rusty suèdes—derive from the same source. To photograph this preview of the new look of Fall '59, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* made a choice of the best of fall's new sport clothes and took them out to where they will be seen and used. Thus, you see them at dog shows and field trials, race meets, horse shows and sports car races. The clothes shown on these 14 pages (with the exception of a fine collection



A harvest of fashion from the fields

by **FRED R. SMITH** and
JO AHERN ZILL

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II



of field clothes designed specifically for gun and for field-dog events) will be worn everywhere out of doors this fall. Among the many facets of the look shown on these pages are some welcome reappearances. The vest is back, under both suit and sport jacket. Reversible all-purpose coats—whipcord to poplin, tweed to twill—have also reappeared, after too long an absence. The belted polo coat is found in many guises, but none so well suited to elegant fall field events as a vicuña-colored cashmere. The country costume, coat with matching skirt, is a spectacular spectator revival. But there is also a hardy crop of first-time-outers: a man's stone-gray fedora, its brim given an extra English snap; a feminine version in blue velour; Italian-made leather stretch gloves, fitting snugly, yet unbinding, designed for shooting and for driving; belting-leather buckled boots; and the boot look in country shoes.



Dressed in sweaters and pants in fall's field colors, Frank Poe and Didi Lodd watch sports car races at Thompson, Conn. Frank's sweater (\$12, Fashion Hill; B. Altman; Frederick & Nelson; Star, Baer & Fuller) is mohair and wool, his slacks corduroy (\$17, Rude; I. Magnin). Didi's sweater (\$20) matches knit slacks (\$25, both Geist & Geist; B. Altman; Higbee Co.; Neusteter's). Her shoes have new high tongue (\$19, Miller-Kins; I. Miller, N.Y.). Green stockings are stretch nylon (\$1.65, Marks).

CONTINUED



FALL *outland*



1 Shooting clothes correct for fall fields anywhere are shown on these pages in Long Island settings. At left, crossing a meadow, Barbara Lawrence wears sturdy canvas breeches with leather knee patches (\$29) and a chambray shirt (\$70), both by Hanes Cashia, for Philip Sells; Hanes-Athas; Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; Jack Griggs wears a wood-bored sueded-papier field jacket (\$19.50), heavyproof canvas-front poplin trousers \$24.50, both Wilts & Geiger; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; and Russell boots (\$27.50, Abercrombie & Fitch.)

2 Woman's field hat of saddle leather is copy of desert hat (810, Sandler of Boston; B. Altman & Co., Hougholt's).

3 Field shoes have finger palms, strong heels, stretch side-walls \$35.50, American Astral at Maurice L. Rothchild. Short shooter field coat of red-tinted gabardine has patch pockets, gusset pouch, and herring lining (\$42.50, Barberry).

4 Dog Trainer Dark Rogers, in field jacket shooting coat (\$35, Baker) and Saks-cloth trousers (\$15.50), works out with U'pland Farm's Labrador retrievers on owner's wife, Mrs. Roger Vassalos, looks on, in beige zippered shooting jacket and slacks (\$20 jacket, \$28.50 slacks, all from Abercrombie & Fitch).

5 Field accessories are shoulder-strap bag of Norwegian hair seal (\$26, Grete Christensen; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia and New York; G. Paz & Co., and strong gloves with capelin palms, wrist seals 1.66, Arisat Bus Munch; Gus Mayer).



CONTINUED

FALL *continued*



3



1



2



4

From countryside to city streets

1 *Flared warm-ear fans, Bonnie Dolzell's as by Bill Atkinson, Glen of Michigan (\$20; Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin), Claude Le Tourneur's by Woolrich (\$13; Baskin's; Harrey, Ltd.).*

2 *Side-front pullover from Italy has knitted sleeves, yoke and back (\$30, Guss Peoli; Bullock & Jones; Jan. K. Wilson). Hillhouse cap, American Astral string-back driving gloves.*

3 *Russet Scottish tweed jacket (\$75, Hilton; Frank Bros.; Penn-Feinstein) trims with side harking cord (\$28.50, David Clark; I. Magnin), chullo tie (\$2.50, Reiss), off-white cardigans (\$17, Radd; I. Magnin). Tyrolean hat (\$20) has ring-neck-pleasant feather band (\$100, both at Caranagh).*

4 *Irish tweed balmain coat (\$125) and walking skirt (\$25, Ellen Brooks for Glenshaw; Garfinkel; Robert Kirk; Lord & Taylor) are worn by Barbara Louwace with silk shirt and ascot. Lined cape gloves by American Astral. Calderon belt.*

5 *Old sport jacket of burnished gold tweed (\$60) is paired over blue silk skirt with stock tie (\$25) and blue tweed skirt (\$27, all B. H. Wright; Bonwit Teller; Harold's; I. Magnin).*

6 *Epoxylated coat is of Scottish district check tweed (\$135, Vera Mazrell; Kaufmann's; May-D&P). Saxburst earcelan pin is by Sander (\$5), popkiss gloves are by Superb (\$14.50).*

Here are the burnished-tone tweeds, the rusty subdueds which give this fall's sportswear the look of fall's fields. The clothes shown in black and white on these pages come in the same colors and textures as those shown in color. The big news here and on the next two pages is the advent of the odd tweed sport jacket for women (below left), the country costume which, with the casual elegance of gloves, handbags and shoes, moves from country to town.



CONTINUED



1 Reversible hooded coat of burgundy-and-white cashmere (\$275), striped-to-match cashmere dress (\$200, both Tina Leser: Neiman-Marcus) are worn by Lennie Vernet at Far Hills horse show. Satchel is grassed calf (\$19.50, Greis: Bergdorf Goodman).

2 Country costume of black-and-white hound's-tooth-check waterproofed wool (\$40 coat, \$17 skirt, Pendleton: Wm. H. Block; J. L. Hudson; Meier & Frank; Wellacks) is worn by Janet Wagner, shown afield with New Jersey's Spring Valley Hounds.



3 Leather-faced poplin raincoat (\$145) has many pockets, change purse, pile lining. Leonie wears it over knit mohair dress (\$95, Bonnie Cashin for Sills: J. P. Allen; Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteter's). In rear, the Teakshury Pool Bassette.



4 Belted trench coat of ricksha-colored cashmere lined to match plaid wool dress (\$165 coat; \$245 dress, Seana; Bonwit Teller; Brannon's; I. Magnin; Jaks Wano-maker) is worn by Leonie at Far Hills horse show. Blue velvet fedora by Elvira.

CONTINUED

FALL *continued*



On turf and field

At Blind Brook Polo Field in Purchase, N.Y. a race meet brings out one of autumn's most fashionable crowds and shows the look of fall and field in many facets. It reveals a preference by men for bold plaids and checks, for shawl-collared coats, for vests that match suits and contrast with sport jackets. Solid-color blazers and jackets are set off by checked trousers. Hats have an English turn, a new high roll in back. For the ladies, there are a raft of reversible coats and skirts, as good-looking as they are versatile.





1 Double-breasted *Savoy* double-pleated coat has alpaca-joke lining, shawl collar, is knee-length (\$135, *Aquaticum*; Al Berens; Walker, Ltd.). *Pink-front felt hat* has sharply rolled brim (\$5, *Adon*).

2 *Prada hat* (\$17) matches woman's weatherproof coat (\$125) which reverses from men's over-eight to popular (both *Aquaticum*; Lord & Taylor).

3 Double-breasted *Cashmere* blazer of navy blue hopsacking lined \$340, *Ward-Tee*; L. S. Ayers; trunks with Glen-plaid variegated slacks (\$23.50, *Mayer*). *Sera Oxford-cloth shirt* (\$6). *Ries tie* (\$2.50).

4



4 The *vested suit* returns, here in a Glen-plaid English variegated of modified *Blond St.*, shaping lacking pockets, subtended sand, side vents (\$125, *Gloria*; Paul Stuart). *English-black hat* has roll brim (\$13.50, *Dobbo*). *Ries silk pocket square*.

5 *Wrap-around reversible skirt* is of a two-face black-and-white *Anglo* (see \$240, *Sloan*; *Marskull Field*). *Shoes* by *Sondier*.

6 *Jackie* of olive *Oxford-weave hopsacking* has game-bird-printed lining, (\$55) goes with plaid trousers in olive-burgundy mixture (\$23); camel-colored vest (\$15, all *Gordon of Philadelphia*; Lord & Taylor).



7 *Vest of Chelton rock wool* (\$30, *Harold J. Rubin*) can be worn with blouses/suits.

8 *Lariat Horns lined topcoat* has plaid wool lining (\$135, *Rider*; *Saks Fifth Ave.*).

9 *Italian coat* has plaid lining (\$55, *Full Tiende*; *Casual-Aire*). *Suater* is mohair, wool (\$12, *Robert Bruce*, *Arner Shere*).

10 *Hand-sewn moose* has a square toe (\$20, *E. E. Taylor*; *J. W. Robinson*).

11 *Mustard Sherbrooke jacket* (\$47.50, *Louette*; *Lord & Taylor*) complements checked slacks (\$22.50, *Duxier*; *Bullock's*, L.A.).



10



11

CONTINUED



FALL outdoors

With dog and gun

The hard-wearing fabrics and the functional, clean designs which distinguish the field look are best exemplified by the clothes worn at field-dog and gun events. As shown here, they are at the same time utilitarian and handsome. Jackets have action backs, shell pockets and, in many cases, leather piping. Pants have no cuffs. The fabrics resist briars, wear and tear, and the elements.

1 Shooting jacket (\$60) and trousers (\$28.50) are of rugged green wool forestry cloth. With the outfit, Mrs. Roger Vasselvis wears Russell Bird Shooter boots (\$28.50; Abercrombie & Fitch).

2 Whipcord skirt jacket (\$75), pants (\$27.50) are worn by Jack Griffin; woman's jacket is cotton poplin (\$22.50, all Willis & Genger). Melissa Weston teams it with corduroy pants (\$9, White Stag). All at Joseph Horne Co.

3 Jacket of corduroy with suede gable (\$65, David Clark; Abercrombie & Fitch) is dog show attire for Paul Brine. Hat is the Piper (\$12.50, Thomas Regy).

4 Silk-lined antelope-skin pants (\$90), matching knit-and-suede pullover (\$80, both Korrigau-Laur) are worn by Melissa Weston at Labrador trial. Her bag is of soft cowhide (\$22, Calderon). All I. Magnin, Tiffany Inc.

5 Hunting jacket of water-repellent iridescent Egyptian cotton gabardine has detachable pouching pocket (\$78, Burberry; Abercrombie & Fitch Co.). Doublefold brushed-cotton turtle-neck (\$3).

6 Ladies' shooting coat is also of iridescent Egyptian cotton; has game and shell pockets, corduroy collar (\$40; Saks Fifth Ave.). Stretchable, capeskin shooting gloves (\$6.50, American Astral).

7 Man's short-jacket is hand-tailored of Spanish suede, has side vents, zipper pockets, horn buttons (\$75). Lightweight felt field hat is the Christy (\$14.50; both at Abercrombie & Fitch).





CONTINUED



FALL *1960 Ford*

Around the pits

Sports cars and the fans who drive them or watch them have the raciest look in the field. This fall's pace-setters, shown here at Thompson Raceway, are sweaters in bold color combinations and patterns; padded leathers, the rougher-looking the better, turtle necks, ascots, flame-proof coveralls and, for the pit woman, a water-and-weather-repellent shirt dress. As a final touch, snug-fitting new windproof helmets make even the spectators look like hot drivers.



2



A black and white portrait of a man with dark hair, wearing a vertically striped shirt. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. The background is out of focus, showing some foliage.

10

A black and white photograph of four young people in a car lot. A woman in a dark jacket and headband stands in the background, smiling. In the foreground, a man sits in a car, a woman wears large sunglasses and a star-patterned sweater, and another woman lies down wearing a patterned sweater.

494

3

1

98 Quercel of sainter-2 (age) Human in spanish-spoken pullover \$22, light & forest; Hand's - Frank in show belated wife-wore pullover with trousers from \$10, Bagby; 61 best's - Their in broken wool a cut good An old's-bath check \$14, Christian; Mary's Sea Francisco and Claude in gold-and-grog district check V-neck pullover \$24, Hunsdon; Phelps-Wilger; Waltham, Giff's-shenies are smoke-dried waffle \$2, Ben-Hay

**SURE IT'S
LONGER OFF
THE TEE—
it's got H.I.V.!**

says AL BESSELINK
U.S. ROYAL STAFF



"I'm 100% satisfied that playing the U.S. Royal Special gives me more distance. This ball has H.I.V.—High Initial Velocity. It's quicker to release its power on impact. It consistently adds yards to any good golfer's drives. Try this great ball yourself! I think you'll be measurably longer off the tee!"

U.S. ROYAL



Most winning golfers like Al Besslink are playing the U.S. Royal Special every day. Sold only at golf professionals' shops.



**United
States
Rubber**

U.S. RUBBER CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF GOLF BALLS



Tip from the Top

RUTH JESSEN, Inglewood CC, Kenmore, Wash.

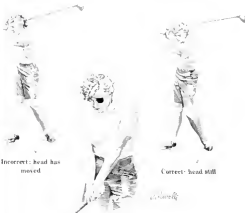
Holding your head steady

THE IMPROVEMENT in my game in recent months I attribute to a good degree to finally learning to hold my head steady.

For four years I had trouble doing that. If you are right-eyed—as I am—and rock your head to the right as you go back, there's no way you can see the ball. If you're left-eyed, as Sam Snead and Louise Suggs are, for example, cocking your head is fine for you. Right-eyed golfers, however, must learn to hold the head in a fixed position over the ball.

When players are working on refining their backswing, they sometimes unconsciously pick up the habit of turning their heads to the right to check certain positions of the hands and the clubhead. Be certain you avoid this not uncommon pitfall. For another thing, don't become overimpressed when you hear that the top players can hit the ball without looking at it. They can, but when they go off their games it is probably because they have taken their heads and eyes off the ball.

Is there any simple prescription that will enable you to hold your head still? I think there is. Practice closing your bad eye. It will steady not only your head but your entire swing as well.



Incorrect: head has moved

Correct: head still

Train your good eye

NEXT TIP: Al McGeer on swinging the seven-iron pitch

Will your new Fall suit be the Same Old Thing?

THESE SUITS ARE MODERN—MAKE SENSE FOR TODAY!

These are suits for the life you lead today. They have today's styling. Example: Continental model at right. Fabrics have a new fresh look. Example: indigo shade at left. And here's what each suit does for you:

THE DC-8[®] (center) is the suit for this Age of Travel. Year 'round fabric—a new booming of 55% Dacron[®]-45% worsted—feels light, holds a crease, hangs out fast. The one suit you need for the trip! (Named for Douglas jetliner.)

PLATEAU[®] (left) is the year-round suit with the weightless feel. Unique fabric by Pacific Mills is regularweight, but feels

so light, it's a comfort to wear any season, any climate. The one basic suit you can wear anywhere, anytime.

POUND STERLING (right) is the new standard of value in suits. Made with exceptional care from premium fabrics, selected one by one from collections of the world's great mills.

Note: These suits can take it, and keep their looks. Reason: they're made with Balanced Tailoring, the scientific blend of lavish hand needlework and rugged machine sewing, found only in Timely Clothes[®] Rochester 2, N. Y.

Timely Clothes are \$69.50 to \$100—slightly higher in the West.

BALANCED TAILOR



Balanced Tailoring makes

TIMELY CLOTHES

look better...longer!

REVERE makes the knit shirt and sweater shown of 100% "Orlon" in a range of smart colors. Shirt about \$7.95, sweater about \$10.



PAT. #2,642,862. Licensed Film, TV and Stage Properties, Inc.

THE NEW CAREFREE KNITS

New knit shirts and sweaters of "ORLON" are luxuriously comfortable, keep their shape, come in many smart styles

These knit shirts and sweaters have a luxury you don't have to pump. "Orlon"™ acrylic fiber gives them great comfort, smart good looks and amazing shape retention that's built in to last. These knits resist stretching or shrinking wearing after wearing, washing after washing. And when they're washed, there's no blocking or shaping or other special care needed, thanks to "Orlon". All this makes knits of 100% "Orlon" unbeatable. Treat yourself to these great sweaters and shirts today.

*Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes these knits only under the following conditions: shape here.

ORLON
ACRYLIC FIBER


BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING. APPROACH ORLON.

The planners and doers come down the stretch

**After a slow start, New York
sees a chance to regain
lead in the nation's racing**

WHEN the gates to Long Island's push new \$33 million Aqueduct "dream track" are unlocked this Monday it will be the first time in 54 years that the state of New York has opened a new Thoroughbred horse park. In the half century since the last new track, Belmont Park, first welcomed the carriage trade in 1905 Thoroughbred racing in New York has had some great days. But it has also been saddled with an apathy and an inertia that at times forced New York to take a back seat to such race-conscious states as New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Florida, Illinois and California, where year after year striking new tracks sprang up to attract the sports-minded public.

But now New York has its new track—the world's most modern racing plant, with nine elevators, 18 escalators, 62 concession stands and 738 pari-mutuel windows.

The fact that Aqueduct has been built, and is ready to open at all, is a tribute to 20 members of the oft-criticized Jockey Club who for five years have been called everything from selfish to stupid to generally incompetent. Today, as New York emerges into a new sporting era, it seems appropriate to review the events of the last few years and to take a solid bearing on exactly where racing stands now in New York.

In 1954 racing was conducted in New York by private interests at four tracks, Belmont, Jamaica, Aqueduct and Saratoga. The tightest tax laws of any state held what profits there were to a bare minimum, with the result that major improvements were impossible and purses, natural-

ly, could not be increased to keep pace with fast-striding competition elsewhere. The situation clearly called for a complete reorganization of one form or another if the state itself wasn't to step in uninvited and take complete charge.

Faced with this challenge, a three-man Jockey Club committee, made up of John W. Hanes (now the president of the New York Racing Association), Christopher T. Chenery and Harry F. Guggenheim, drew up a bold plan. It was designed not only to save New York racing but to elevate it once again to its old position as the dignified leader of racing for sport's sake in the face of the ever-tightening pressure of increased commercialism.

A TASK FOR 20

The managing interests of the four big New York tracks were formed into a new, nonprofit organization called the New York Racing Association. Twenty members of The Jockey Club were named trustees of the NYRA. They were, for the most part, millionaire businessmen gifted with a great enthusiasm for racing, although few of them had more than a vague concept of race track management. They lived, however, in the world of high finance, and despite their occasional errors of judgment it is doubtful if any other group of 20 men could have accomplished in five years what they have. The NYRA, despite a piddling initial equity of just \$1,000, went to the banks for loans totaling \$63 million; it used the money to buy all four existing tracks; it built Aqueduct, the first new track in New York in half a century; it made major improvements at Belmont and Saratoga, including an enterprising project now under way to make the running surfaces at Bel-

monted

SHE:
the book says 3 to 1

HE:
the boys say 10 to 1



Who's wrong? Neither. Make your Martini as you like it. Do remember, though, there is no substitute for the subtle dryness and delicate flavor of Gordon's Gin—original base and inspiration of a classic Martini. The Gin that made the Martini famous... still makes it best... 3 to 1 or 10 to 1. First distilled in 1769—Gordon's Gin is still traditionally distilled for authentic Gin quality. Any bartender worth his powdered sugar knows he can stake his reputation on the superb taste of any Gin drink mixed with Gordon's Gin. And so can you!



NOTE: AQUEDUCT RACE TRACK AND PARK, BELMONT, N.Y.
PROOF © GORDON'S DISTILLING CO. LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND

NEVER CARRY MORE CASH THAN YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE



"We never carry more than \$50 in cash"

SAV
DALE EVANS AND ROY ROGERS
sponsored on TV
by the Hestle Company



"When we travel, we always carry our money in American Express Travelers Cheques. Then we know it's safe." Spendable anywhere, good until used, prompt refund if lost or stolen. Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Changes, only a penny a dollar.

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

FIELD REPRESENTS BY: AMERICAN EXPRESS BANK LTD. FOREIGN PRICING FORWARDING



This mark identifies the world's most honored cheque

HORSE RACING continued

mont, Saratoga and Aqueduct so uniformly alike that "even the horses won't know where they are"; it set up for the first time in New York pension plans and other benefits for track personnel; and it talked the state legislature into making changes in the tax laws so that the NYRA can use the added revenue to continue improvements and increase purses.

With its 25-year franchise and the improved tax setup the NYRA has more operational security than any other racing association in the country. But despite its accomplishments, its five years of progress and its good



NYRA PRESIDENT JOHN W. HANES

intentions, it has become fashionable to criticize the organization both in public and in print. "We have tried to conduct our affairs orderly and decently," says NYRA President John W. Hanes, "and yet we find one million other people trying to run the NYRA, too. If it isn't run exactly the way they want it run, they find a chance to kick the daylights out of us."

The only sensible criticism has come from knowledgeable sportsmen and horsemen who feel that the NYRA, in attempting to provide New York with both the best racing and the most racing, has embarked on an overly ambitious project. In a state where The Jockey Club has always been at the helm of the sport (although in recent years lacking the unquestioned authority it once took for granted), racing up to now has never really enjoyed wholehearted community standing except among Jockey Club members and their friends. For years the attitude of those men, who are among the nation's leading owners and breeders, was one

continued

REIS PERMA-SIZED® MAKES THE DIFFERENCE!



The size you buy is the size it stays!

QUALITY COMPETITION T-SHIRT (Laundered 3 Times)

REIS PERMA-SIZED T-SHIRT (Laundered 3 Times)

REIS PERMA-SIZED® Knit Underwear will not shrink out of size, shape or fit. In fact, REIS launders with less than 1% shrinkage of its closest competitors! This has been proven again and again, in actual laboratory tests, in automatic washers and dryers. And REIS PERMA-SIZED is perfect wash and wear, too... they need no ironing!

REIS PERMA-SIZED Cotton Knits:

T-Shirt	\$1.25
Scandals Briefs	\$1.10 & \$1.25
V-Neck T-Shirt	\$1.50
Athletic Shirt	\$1.00



EMPIRE STATE BLDG. NEW YORK, N. Y.
LICENSEE IN CANADA: SUPER MARTIN BELLS LTD.



Man creates his own climate
in this Thermostatic Age



Raeford creates a
revolutionary
concept in fabrics...
made possible by Dacron!*

ISOTHERM

from the looms that brought you famous

Raeford 2/80's

The average businessman spends 95% of his day in a thermostatically controlled climate, only 5% in the cool outdoors. Yet he suits himself for the 5%, suffers for the 95%. Raeford lightly resolves this paradox with a new concept: a lighter weight fabric for fall, winter and spring... *Isotherm*.

Comfort is companion to matchless appearance in this remarkable blending of Dacron and rarer-than-cashmere wool. Because there's no bulk, you actually look slimmer, feel freer. Because it's woven of the slenderest of yarns, famous Raeford 2/80's, you enjoy a richness of colors unequalled by any other fabric.

Yet with all this luxury, Isotherm is ruggedly practical. Holds its press. Parts with wrinkles overnight. A great traveling companion that takes minimum suitcase space, doesn't get rumpled.

Now is the time to discover Raeford Isotherm—luxury fabric for thermostatic living—tailored by America's most respected suitmakers. Available now at America's leading men's stores.

DuPont's Polyester Fiber *Trademark

RAEFORD WORSTED CORPORATION, 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10
A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES



WEATHER GRAINS

Smartly Tailored
American Made
Does the trick of
campus wear

Winthrop Weathering
\$12.95 to \$15.95
Mighty - Make Me!

WINTHROP
MEN'S SHOES

410 W. 4th St., New York 14, N.Y.
One International Avenue Co., St. Louis 8



When pleasure matters most ...

If you are on intimate terms with pleasure you'll welcome Old Briar as essential to your way of life. This mild aromatic mixture of costly Turkish Laskia, southern Maryland blue-cured

and satisfying burleys is truly the Master Mixture... exquisitely blended as many custom mixtures costing much more. Old Briar smokers know a good thing when they find one. How about you?

Old Briar—"The Master Mixture"

ONE OF THE FINE PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY

HORSE RACING continued

of favoritism toward horsemen within their own tight little circle. Now, by necessity, as part of a general campaign to give more satisfaction to the racing public, the NYRA occasionally finds itself forgetting that one of the greatest assets of New York racing was that sport came first and business second. Yielding to public demand is not always the answer. Even though, for example, the abolishment of the Widener straightaway chute at Belmont gave satisfaction to the press and public, long weary of an occasional race being held in "military secrecy," it may have been a wrong move, if only for the fact that most owners and trainers had like the Widener chute and were against its removal.

WHY HURRY?

Similarly, the addition of a ninth race in New York this year has been translated by many of the old guard as a sure omen that the last remnants of the dignity of the sport are being sacrificed to the interests of pure business. The speedup of the day's card has been pictured by some as a program resembling nothing more than a glorified open-air slot-machine parlor. It was noted, too, that one of the most pleasant and eye-catching phases of any race—that of watching the horses come back to be unsaddled in front of the stands—was eliminated this spring at Belmont in order for the jockeys to make it back in double time to their lockers. "This was purely a case of our trying something which we later found out to be neither popular nor necessary," said John Hanes recently. "We won't continue the practice any more."

And is the ninth race necessary? "There has been both criticism and misunderstanding about the ninth race from the start," says Hanes. "First, the state did not, as many believe, ask us—or instruct us—to put on a ninth race in order that they could derive more tax income from it. We, the NYRA, asked for the extra race. New York has always been sympathetic to jumping races but experience has proven that the pari-mutuel handle is way down on them compared to the flat races. In order to maintain a proper scale of purses for the jumpers, and at the same time increase purse opportunities for our flat stakes and overnights, we needed

continued

We play to the gallery

We suppose that you want to play golf like the professionals, and if you can't do that (and it's a constant vision that someday you'll put all your good shots together in one magnificent display), you'll settle for looking like a pro.

That's why the sweater pictured here is possibly the one for you. The yarn is a rich and soft, half and half blend of alpaca and nylon, in black, white, red or tan. The tones are subdued, well-dressed golfers seldom are mistaken for jockeys at work. Note: No pockets and no trim. The give in the shoulders was designed for a free and easy swing, according to Ken's requirements.

Your "Ken Venturi" sweater in the right size is available at one of the better haberdashers' or at your pro shop. Price is \$19.95; as an additional assist in improving your appearance, we suggest that you study Ken's 16-page "Analyze Your Golf Swing," which we of the Jantzen International Sports Club will send to you free for the request.

Jantzen
sportswear
for sportsmen

Jantzen Inc. • Portland 1, Oregon





Ken Venturi
just off the
eighteenth green
at Cypress Point;
photo by
Tom Kelley.

more money—about two and a half million more, to be exact. The only way to obtain the additional revenue was to add another race."

Naturally popular with the horsemen, always seeking an extra shot at purse money, the ninth race in New York has enabled the NYRA to increase the value of its stakes by \$941,375, and the increase in overnight purses has gone up some \$1,102,690—for an over-all increase in purse distribution of just over \$2 million. If the old guard resents this economic move they must also resent the fact that New York will never again be forced to stand aside while other tracks lure the top horses off to compete for richer purses.

The meeting which gets under way at Aqueduct on Monday (and which will run for the next 67 days) should provide the finest racing on display during any single meeting anywhere in the world. Some of the country's most important races will be contested there, including those vital weight-for-age and distance tests for which the New York fall season alone has long been noted. Of course, in the formative years of the NYRA, some confusing division of authority among the top echelons has led to a certain amount of misunderstanding and bad morale among the other ranks, and this petty squabbling has hardly improved the state of general public relations. But now, more than ever before, the trustees are fully aware of their responsibility to a sport which has been in the blood of most of them since birth. Unintentional mistakes will be made, of course, but there will be less confusion of purpose. There need never be any attempt to imitate the gaudy showmanship of the harness tracks. Instead, there should only be a rededication to sport first, business second.

Make no mistake about the present state of affairs in New York racing as you pay your visit to Aqueduct. And remember that the very same men who five years ago were being damned for their deplorable inertia—the men of The Jockey Club—should today be praised for their energy and accomplishments. Or, as one trustee of the NYRA was saying the other day without the slightest trace of modesty, "For better or worse, the NYRA saved racing in New York."

Don't laugh. It's true. And the new Aqueduct proves it.

END



MASSIVE RETALIATION

in which Capt. Smyth-Ffollett (R. F. C. Ret.) single-handedly attempts to stem the ever-increasing flow of Lamplighter Gin to the States by bombing the latest shipload.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

LAMPLIGHTER GIN

AS DRY AS YOU CAN BUY

LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.
VOLUME 100%, IMPORTED BY MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., New York, N.Y.

©1959 McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y., N.Y.





EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Nylon has lasting strength to guard against blowout. Nylon protects against the four kinds of unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure: (1) heat, (2) bruising from bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. Why risk a dangerous blowout? Have your tires checked regularly. And whenever you buy new tires, be sure they're made with nylon cord.

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH

NYLON

LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL



SAFETY - BETTER FOR BETTER

THROUGHTFULNESS

NEWARK, DELAWARE 19704

Anybody got an extra stirrup?

At the Pan American Games old saddles and balky horses turned the modern pentathlon into a classic of confusion

IF Alexandre Dumas had ever been asked to invent a sport, the modern pentathlon would undoubtedly have been his choice, for it is based on a concept as romantic and adventurous as any of his novels. Supposing an officer were sent to headquarters with a message of the greatest urgency. He would leap onto a horse and gallop across country, over fences, ditches and streams, as swiftly as his mount could travel. But he runs into the enemy and his horse is downed. On foot, the officer draws his sword and dispatches his foes right and left. Somehow he is disarmed, but he is

not defenseless as he reaches for his pistol and picks off a few more. By now he has fought his way to a river and must swim to safety. Arriving on the other bank he proceeds at a run over the rough terrain until he reaches his goal and delivers his message.

The modern pentathlon, stretching over five consecutive days of riding, fencing, shooting, swimming and cross-country running, was thus evolved to test an officer's mettle, but at Chicago last week the Pan American pentathletes from six countries found themselves very sorely tried before they could even be tested. In

fact, every country but the U.S. quit—temporarily, as it turned out—two days before the event was to start.

The teams, lodged in a Lake Forest girls' school called Ferry Hall, claimed to be without training facilities, without interpreters, without transportation and without guides to show them how to get to the far-flung pentathlon sites. The swimming pool was scorned as bathtub-size, and although the committee had supplied the name of a lively stable where horses could be rented at \$3 an hour, it neglected to supply a way of getting there.

As there was no range for pistol practice, the Mexicans took matters in their own hands and stalked through Ferry Hall's woods, shooting squirrels. Neighbors and squirrel lov-

continued



NEAR-TRAGIC MOMENT OCCURRED WHEN HORSE PITCHED ARGENTINA'S VALENTE-VARGAS FACE FIRST INTO LOG

Think you're smoking too much?



Photo © Young & Rubicam Co., N.Y. Manner and delivery subject to change.

Now....cut nicotine in half ...and still enjoy your smoking

Start today! You can smoke a whole pack of 20 King Sano Cigarettes...and get less nicotine than with 6 to 12 cigarettes of any other brand. Now cut nicotine in half, without cutting down the pleasures of smoking. Costs a few cents more...and well worth it! Only King Sano filters twice, filters both the tobacco...and the smoke.

Note: The most nicotine in a single King Sano is less than half that of the average of all leading brands when 47 milligrams of each cigarette are smoked. This is based on a sampling study by Schwab & Glavin, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists.



UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY ALSO PRODUCES SANO CIGARS AND SANO PIPE MIXTURE

V

IEW FROM THE MOUND

BY WARREN SPAHN

A new series of articles by baseball's famous left-hander expressing his personal views on everything from fast balls to Fall fashion

Fine PARIS tallow leather belts help you achieve the look of success



The successful man is especially careful about his appearance and wardrobe. Fine leather accessories, for example, add real distinction to your clothes. Believe me, nothing can ruin a man's smart appearance faster than an old, frayed, cracked belt—even if his suit is new and his shoes brightly polished. That's why good-looking "Paris" Tallow Leather Belts are so important. I have a herd of fine Hereford cattle in Oklahoma, and I don't think any of those cows have hides good enough for these "Paris" Belts.

Tallow leather is rugged as the leather cover on a baseball, yet as supple as my glove. "Paris" craftsmen take the world's finest cowhide, and hand-rub it with tallow (like those skilled English saddle-makers used to do) to give it a rich, glowing sheen that lasts for years. It's perfect for wear with fabrics such as tweed, worsted, or shetland.

I suggest you buy the custom-link style for dress, the 1" width for casual wear. You can select them at your favorite men's shop or department store.

For my free booklet, "A View From The Mound," write: Warren Spahn, c/o Paris Belts, 1143 W. Congress Parkway, Chicago 7, Illinois.

Copyright 1964 by Warren Spahn. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.



Style #303
link style \$3



Style #271
1" width \$3

HORSES continued

ers complained, and the police were summoned to explain that this simply was not done. The Mexicans were understanding—any moving target would do—so they thoughtfully moved to the lake front and proceeded to take potshots at the gulls. Before the gull population of Lake Forest was decimated, the police were again on hand to call a halt. The Mexicans returned to Perry Hall, drew targets on the tree trunks and blazed away.

Finally, a member of the organizing committee soothed the irate coaches with promises of transportation and facilities. Although they felt it came too late, the Latins took the offer in the spirit intended and came back into the games. Nonetheless, the first day's event, a cross-country ride of 3,700 meters over 18 obstacles, got off to an uneasy start. The first business was the drawing for position and for horses for the 16 riders.

Starter No. 1, a Chilean named Jaime Gonzalez, drew a black gelding named Eightball. The horse was saddled, Gonzalez strode to its side, put his foot in the stirrup, and that was as far as he got. Eightball was off, running and bucking in a most talented manner, scattering spectators in all directions. As he disappeared over the horizon, trucks and cars were dispatched in hasty pursuit. The jury decided that since Gonzalez had not passed the starting gate he could ride in last position if and when Eightball was retrieved. Leslie Bleasmaster

continued



DISGUSTED GONZALEZ PONDERS HORSES



PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN—AND LIVE! The new Austin Healey '3000' is for those who love the feel of the sun and the wind. This car is alive. Put your foot down, and you'll thrill to your finger tips. It responds in a flash. Accelerates with surging power. Corners like a polo pony. Disc brakes for sure, straight-line stops. It's the fabulous successor to the famous Austin Healey 100-Six which has dominated competition in its class. Top speed, a breathtaking 115 m.p.h. It's built for the track, yet takes to pleasure driving beautifully. For as low as \$3051 ⁰⁰⁰.

(2 or 4 seats)



A product of THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION LTD., makers of Austin Healey, Aston, MG, Magnette, Morris, and Riley cars. Represented in United States by Hambro Automotive Corp., Dept. 10, 27 W. 37th St., New York 18, N. Y. Sold and serviced in North America by most first distributors and dealers.



JUSTERINI

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality



J & B

**RARE
SCOTCH WHISKY**

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

& BROOKS

Imported by
THE PROXIMITY
CORP.
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York 20



\$39.95—Insulated
\$32.95—Not Insulated

now available to sportsmen!

"original"
**Chippewa
Mach I boots**

Unique design developed for U.S. Air Force. You lace once to fit, then merely zip on and off each time you wear them! Made in exact sizes and widths, with or without super-insulating Feutrol lining. Write for name of your nearest dealer.

"original" CHIPPEWA
the sportsmen's bootmaker
2625 River St. • Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Pennsylvania Bowling bags

for the bowler who
wants the best



Smartest styling featuring distinctive TOLEX®, the material that outwears others, makes Pennsylvania bowling bags a solid hit on every alley! These bags are available in a wide variety of plaids, solids and Tu-Tons, and in every price range. Be ready for the coming season—select a Pennsylvania bowling bag at your favorite store today!

*"Preferred for
Performance"*

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Pennsylvania Athletic Products Division
ARLON, OHIO



HORSES continued

of the U.S. started in his place and rode the course without incident.

The first Argentine rider, Juan Valente-Vargas, did not share this good fortune. His horse took a header, slinging the rider face first into a log. But Valente-Vargas captured his mount, climbed aboard and finished the course bleeding at the nose and ears. Later it was found that he had broken two vertebrae in his neck.

Brazil's Lieutenant Wenceslau Malta had a better go, and completed the course within the allotted time of seven minutes, according to a coach's stopwatch. The official electric timer had a different reading. It was soon discovered that the timing device was off by 30 seconds—and every second over the time limit is a penalty point. The Brazilians lodged an immediate protest, as the other riders continued, and although it was agreed to correct all scores at the finish of the event a mild distrust set in.

The distrust changed to complete outrage after the second Chilean rider, Gerardo Cortes, returned on his own two feet, carrying his saddle, which had been supplied by the games committee. The saddle was rotten and had torn apart just above the billets. (I looked at the saddle: you could pull the leather apart with your fingers underneath, though the top looked in good condition.) The Chilean coach descended on the jury like an avenging angel, demanding a respite for his boy; but the pentathlon rules state that a rider has the right to inspect and reject any equipment on the horse, so, therefore, the onus was on Cortes for not having made the inspection. The respite was not granted. This was the ultimate injury; the coach again withdrew the Chilean team, treating listeners to a tirade that would have turned Molotov chalice with envy. Making plentiful use of words like "shame" and "treachery," the Chilean demanded an explanation for the presence of such a piece of equipment on the grounds. No real explanations were offered, but heartfelt apologies were tendered, and after appeals to his sportsmanship, the Chilean coach again agreed to let his team continue.

By this time the U.S.'s Robert Miller, an English and history teacher from Seattle, had completed the course under the time limit, and

continued

ASHER

automatic wash 'n' wear wrinkle-free slacks of 70% "Orlon", 30% wool, about \$11.55 (also in 65% "Orlon", 35% "Cordura" rayon, about \$9.95). They can be machine-washed, machine-dried, need little, if any, pressing. Also dry-cleanable. Available in pleated, Ivy or Continental models.

For more facts, see page 81.



THE AGE OF "ORLON"... LUXURY WITH PRESS RETENTION

Now, fall slacks as modern as the Space Age itself... all with the scientific advantages of "Orlon"™ acrylic fiber. "Orlon" gives them a new luxury feel and look, plus great shape and crease retention, new wrinkle recovery, longer wear. Add automatic wash 'n' wear convenience and you have the most modern slacks you can buy! See them today.

*Orlon is a registered trademark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc. © 1974 E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc.

ORLON®

ACRYLIC FIBER



BETTER FIBER FOR BETTER LIVING. THE DU PONT WAY.

FOR THE
MAN WHO WON'T
SETTLE
FOR AVERAGE



Yardley is made expressly for the man who knows the good things of life and intends to have them. If you are such a man, and like to see your money go a long way, try new Yardley After Shaving Lotion. Soothes razor burn, helps heal nicks. Its crisp tingle and cool, manly scent improve any shave, electric or lather. **\$1 plus tax**

*You'll like all Yardley products for good grooming.
Preferred by men of the world around the world.*

YARDLEY AFTER SHAVING LOTION

HORSES continued

Mexico's Jose Perez, an individual pentathlon gold-medal winner in 1955, had started his round. He had drawn a palomino named Breeze, and as the horse approached the 18th and final fence, an in-and-out, just before the finish line, he was obviously wavering. He stumbled over the first element of the fence and then fell with a crash into the second. He did not get up. Perez, unhurt, pulled the poles off the horse and tried to get him to his feet, but Breeze refused to budge. Suddenly people were swarming all over the horse, kicking and whipping. At last, Breeze decided he would be more comfortable on the move and staggered to his feet. Perez climbed aboard and pushed him through the last few hundred yards to the finish. But the fall had been so



WOUNDED ALVARO THINKS ABOUT SPEED

costly in time-penalty points that it was the finish of Perez' hopes of a second Pan American win.

As Perez struggled with Breeze, Uruguay's lone representative, Walter Belen-Ramos, was having his troubles with Grey Boy on the course. Belen-Ramos decided to take a short cut, which is allowed by the rules in certain places, but the area he had chosen when walking the course earlier had now filled with spectators. Before Belen-Ramos could stop or even swing Grey Boy aside, the horse had run down a spectator and kicked the headlight out of a car. As he finally slowed Grey Boy, Belen-Ramos heard shouting and turned to find the irate car owner in full pursuit. Belen-Ramos decided to become a

continued



SAIL MATSON - THE BEST FALL VACATION OF ALL!

SS LURLINE • SS MATSONIA TO AND FROM HAWAII A COMPLETE RESORT VACATION AT SEA!

Round trip from \$315 (without private bath) and \$560 (with private bath)

Sail now on a sleek, modern Matson liner for the best Fall vacation ever! Enjoy 4½ days each way of fun-filled activity on a glamorous resort-at-sea! Sun, swim, play deck sports, dine and dance away radiant nights! Enjoy superb food, delight in friendly Matson service, your choice of sparkling entertainment. Fares include all this:

TRANSPORTATION Weekly sailings between San Francisco, Los Angeles and Honolulu. All First Class, completely air-conditioned. **STATEROOM** with individual temperature control. **ALL MEALS**—and how you'll love every beautiful one of them! Also 'tween meal snacks, buffet on deck, evening buffets. **ENTERTAINMENT** Wonderful 9-day program of fun for everyone. Something to do from morning 'til night. Polynesian entertainment, too! **SPECIAL ACTIVITIES** Swimming pool, deck sports, tournaments, hula lessons, camera clinics, parties. **FINE SERVICE** One highly-trained Matson employee for every 2 passengers! **COMPLIMENTARY** Deck chair, daily newspaper, movies.

Space Available on these Fall Sailings:

SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU—

Sept. 16, Oct. 3, 9, 26, Nov. 2, 27, Dec. 21

LOS ANGELES TO HONOLULU—

Sept. 21, 28, Oct. 14, 20, Nov. 13, Dec. 9, 22

HONOLULU TO SAN FRANCISCO—

Sept. 26, Oct. 1, 19, 26, 31, Nov. 18, Dec. 14

HONOLULU TO LOS ANGELES—

Sept. 14, 21, Oct. 8, 14, Nov. 7, Dec. 2, 30



THIS REFERS TO A GLORIOUS VACATION

THIS REFERS TO AN EXCITING PLACE

Matson Lines • The Oceanic Steamship Company Offices: New York, Washington, D. C., Chicago, Dallas, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B. C.



I
like
Riegel*

**because Mr. Edd upholds the authenticity of his tailoring with the button-down shirt in Riegel's London Club® cotton oxford. Everthean print in muted shades of gold, blue or beige. S. M. L. 5.95. At Higbee Co., Cleveland; all stores Abraham & Straus, N. Y.; Battelstein's, Houston; or write Riegel Textile Corp., Dept. A, 260 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10. You'll like Riegel Fabrics that make fashion.*

BRITISH WALKERS

Style 6200. Hand-butted
forepart. Smith Synchro-
Flex Construction.



BRITISH WALKERS, DEPT. W4, AUGUSTA, MAINE

ACID UPSET ?



HORSES continued

hit-and-run horseman and quickly gave Grey Boy his head.

By now Chile's Gonzalez had been presented with an apparently subdued Eightball and rode him to the starting gate, which was situated next to a woods filled with underbrush. The countdown began. Gonzalez leaned forward in the saddle. The starter said, "Go!", and Eightball raced off into the woods. Nothing could be seen but shaking bushes and nothing heard but the sound of cracking branches. Then the underbrush parted and Gonzalez, on foot, lurched out, carrying a stirrup, which he flung to the ground in a fine display of rage. Eighthall decided to check on things and peeked around a tree. Gonzalez grabbed him. Aware that the clock was still running, he hastily replaced the stirrup, climbed aboard, clapped the spurs and took off in a cloud of dust. They stayed together until the fifth fence.

Gonzalez was able to capture Eighthall again, but this time he decided not to remount. Back he walked into the start, leading Eighthall. The scorekeepers, knowing he was the last competitor, started from their posts. But the Chileans had other ideas, and after an excited conference with Gonzalez, rushed over to the jury to inform them that Gonzalez would finish the course. With a certain reluctance, Gonzalez again mounted Eighthall and started off around the course at a walk. And that's the way he finished, too, in just under an hour. Anyone waiting for a message brought by Gonzalez would have to be a little patient.

The fencing, on the second day, did not get off to a very auspicious start either. For one thing, the fencing judges did not turn up. Fortunately, Ben Furth, a former pentathlete, wandered into the Naval armory just to watch the day's event and was promptly pressed into service. He had a long day, too, as the fencing took 13 hours. And it was not without an untoward incident. While the U.S.'s Leslie Bleamaster was fencing with Mexico's Antonio Almada, a lunge by Bleamaster caught the Mexican out of position and the American's épée was inadvertently driven into Almada's left hand.

From then on, though, things went more or less smoothly. Brazil's Malta took a firm hold on first place in the

continued



This RCA Victor high fidelity plays the most exciting stereo your ears have ever heard—through 3 speaker systems

High fidelity fans will tell you that to obtain the finest stereophonic sound you must hear the music from both left and right and from the center.

Their choice? RCA Victor's superb 5-speaker, 3-unit *Mark XII*—a fine furniture Danish Modern console with "sw-in" companion speaker cabinets.

The "Victrola"™ console includes RCA Victor's famous "Floating Action" 4-speed record changer, 2-in-1 "Living Stereo"

pickup with diamond stylus, powerful 87-watt amplifier, visual balance control, and 12" woofer for low frequencies.

Each companion unit has a 3 1/2" to center and 5" x 7" high fidelity speaker for mid-range and high frequencies. Spot them anywhere in the room—they're so compact the entire 3-unit *Mark XII* takes up less room than many one-unit stereos.

Even if you were handy with tools, it

would cost you a pretty penny for a stereo as fine as this. But you can own an RCA Victor fine furniture console—ready to plug in and play—for as little as \$229.95. It's the stereo the experts buy. Now at your RCA Victor dealer's!

RCA VICTOR

Manufactured exclusively in the U.S.A. by RCA Victor Company, Inc., Camden, New Jersey. RCA Victor Company, Inc. is a subsidiary of RCA Corporation. RCA Victor Company, Inc. is a registered trademark of RCA Corporation. RCA Victor Company, Inc. is a registered trademark of RCA Corporation. RCA Victor Company, Inc. is a registered trademark of RCA Corporation.



THE MOST SATISFYING CAR YOU EVER OWNED... the fabulous Fiat. Flattering to your taste, with its smart Italian styling. Gladly to drive, with its ready response and eager performance, its comfortable, spacious interior. Responding to your sense of thrift, with its lasting construction, rugged out of upkeep, fabulous economy. Up to 42 miles per gallon with the Series 600 sedan (about). The Series 500 delivers up to 53! There are five series, seventeen models... sedans, sports cars, station wagons. Suggested price for the Fiat 600 above is \$8,129.80 at point of entry, New York, plus \$25 make-ready charge. Hub caps shown are extra. See your Fiat dealer, or phone or write FIAT MOTOR CO., INC., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York. Longacre 5-7034. In Canada: FIAT MOTORS OF CANADA, 69 Bloor St. East, Toronto 5, Ontario. FIAT

HORSES continued

individual competition, though Bob Miller of the U.S., who had won the riding, also won the shooting competition and finished second in swimming. (The American team of Bleamaster, Miller and George Lambert had the team medal all but clinched by the third day.) The duel between Malta and Miller wasn't actually settled until the cross-country run on the fifth, and final, day. Miller, trailing by 147 points, was to start the course one minute after Malta. To win the pentathlon, he had to catch up with Malta; but as they ran the course, the distance between them



VICTORIOUS MALTA SURSTS INTO TEARS

remained more or less the same. Then, when Malta emerged from a quarry, which was roughly halfway around the course, other Latin Americans who had already finished ran out to spur their fellow Latino home. They took turns pacing him. Down the homestretch Perez of Mexico ran on one side and Belen-Ramos of Uruguay on the other, shouting encouragement. Malta finished strong, bettering his own personal mark by more than a minute, while far behind, the exhausted Miller staggered along in a state of near collapse. He lost so many points that he finished fourth, behind Malta and U.S. Teammates Lambert and Bleamaster.

It is probably significant that Malta, the man who best survived the mental and physical tribulations of the five-day event, is a paratrooper in the Brazilian army and has made 89 jumps.

END



"Hail" to
WHITBREAD'S
IMPORTED ENGLISH ALE

"Cheers" for
MACKESON'S
IMPORTED ENGLISH STOUT



Gen. U.S. Importers: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC. • New York • Chicago • Beverly Hills • Miami



The suit with secret service...pure wool

Make that call! Keep that date! Catch that plane! If time is precious . . . appearance is important . . . a pure wool suit is your best business partner. For along with its rich and distinctive looks, wool gives you service no other fabric can. Naturally resilient, wool holds

its shape through desk-bound hours. Sheds wrinkles just hanging overnight. Keeps you looking impeccably groomed through hectic appointment-packed days. All this adds up to wool's exclusive secret service. It's always there . . . and it never stops working for you,

for information about the suit shown, write \$6.001, Department 55, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17.

Always the guaranteed
Crombie and Sedgwick
quality that is wool.



nothing
measures up to
Wool



SCHOOL OF HARD KNOX

The Knox brothers, Seymour and Narty, are polo, squash and tennis champions who owe much of their success to the unflagging zeal of a sportsman father

by THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

THE TWO YOUNG men shown on the opposite page are essentially out of character. They are seldom seen standing still, and when they do pause for the camera they usually are in the disarray that follows athletic combat (below). Both Northrup (Narty) Knox, 30, and his brother, Seymour, 33, who stands on his left, are exemplars of relentless sporting motion. This week they are riding hell-bent-for-triumph-or-disaster in the U.S. Open Championship at the Oak Brook Polo Club in Hinsdale, Ill.

Coaching them, and perhaps playing as a spare, is Papa Knox, a 5-foot 5-inch sportsman of 60, who has trained his sons from childhood to be what they are today. Watching them, and perhaps fretting a bit, are their mother and their wives. Knox wives spend a good deal of time watching Knox husbands. In polo Narty is handicapped at eight goals and Seymour at five. Together the brothers are the best court tennis doubles team in America (Narty is the best court player in the world). Seymour plays squash of championship caliber. Both play lawn tennis, golf, bottle pool and enjoy hunting and fishing. They are, in fact, charter members of the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club in Peru, where each has taken world-record fish.

The whole Knox clan seethes with energy, winter and summer. In the summer they are likely to be busy with polo at their home in Buffalo. In the winter they gather at another

family manse in Aiken, S.C., where they not only play games well but are apt to play them well all day long. The house guest at Aiken is at first astonished, later staggered.

There may be variations in a Knox day if it rains. Knoxes are said to sit around sullenly; but a sunny one at Aiken goes something like this:

At 8 o'clock the mellifluous morning calm is broken by Knoxes hustling about planning, under Papa Knox's direction, the day's athletic program.

At 9 o'clock assorted Knoxes play golf.

At 11 o'clock Papa, Seymour and Narty repair to the Aiken Tennis Club where, with the Basque Master Pierre Etchebaster (on loan from the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York), they play court tennis on a court built by William C. Whitney in 1902 and refurbished by Papa Knox and friends in 1937.

At 12 o'clock noon Knoxes take their showers and they play bottle pool

continued



AIKEN POLO TEAM, WHO OVERTHE-TOOKED BUT HAPPY AFTER 1956 VICTORY OVER BOCA RATON. FROM LEFT, BILLY YLVISAKER, NARTY KNOX, LEWIS SMITH, SEYMOUR KNOX III.

in the Tennis Club billiard room.

At 1 o'clock the Knoxs drive home for a trencherman's lunch on the garden porch.

From 1:30 until 3 most Knoxs and all house guests rest.

At 3:30 o'clock twice or three times a week Papa Knox (four goals now, was seven) and sons team with their horse trainer Lewis Smith (eight goals) and play several 7½-minute periods of polo. On some poleless days Knoxs ride to the Aiken hounds, of which Lucretia, Norty's wife, is Master.

At 5:30 o'clock the Knoxs who are all in one piece try a few sets of lawn tennis, mixed doubles. House guests are free to join.

At 6:30 o'clock the Knoxs call a halt to repair the ravages of sport and get ready for dinner.

At 7:30 o'clock dinner is served and everyone eats ravenously.

At 8:30 o'clock a covey of Knoxs goes to the late movies or, as on one occasion last spring, drives 29-odd miles into Augusta and watches Pancho Gonzales take the measure of Ashley Cooper. House guests, by this time, are red-eyed and tottering.

SUCH a day as this, even if carried off by people of wealth who are no more than sporting dilettanti, would be unique. The Knoxs are very wealthy, but they are not by any stretch of the imagination dilettanti, sporting or otherwise.

Papa Knox is, among other things, chairman of the board of the Marine Trust Company (part of a family banking complex), a director of seven corporations; a trustee of the Buffalo Museum of Science, the Millard Fillmore Hospital and Aiken Preparatory School; chairman of the council of the University of Buffalo and a member of the council of Yale University; president and director of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy. He is on the board of governors of the U.S. Polo Association and a director and past president of the U.S. Squash Racquets Association, to which, in 1931, he gave the permanent national singles trophy.

Seymour, whose square social moniker is Seymour H. III, is voluble and enthusiastic and addicted to the telephone and *The Sporting News*, the weekly baseball newspaper. Despite his numerous sporting activities he is Buffalo branch manager for and a general partner of Dominick & Dominick, international investment bank-

ers. His list of directorships includes six corporate ones and six of a philanthropic, cultural or athletic nature. Like Papa Knox, between Buffalo, Aiken and New York, he is a member of some 10 clubs.

Brother Norty, contrastingly quiet but intense, is almost entirely oriented to the land. At Eas Kay farm in East Aurora, N.Y. he raises Aberdeen Angus cattle, and at Hope Plantation near Charleston, S.C. he grows timber and, with state and federal aid, carries out projects in reforestation and wildlife conservation.

Acquaintances marvel that the Knox brothers can carry such a load of business and family responsibilities and still play all their games as well as they do and with such purposeful intensity. To them this does not seem unusual. They devote a large amount of time to games because they like games, because they can afford games and because Papa Knox has indoctrinated them with his conviction that sports and sportsmanship are important ingredients in life and, along with life's other responsibilities, are to be taken seriously.

Seymour won his first cup at the age of 3 for horsemanship. By the time he and Norty had finished at the Aiken Preparatory School and moved on to St. Paul's at Concord, N.H. they had accumulated something like 30 athletic trophies between them, including one for bicycle polo. "That," says Seymour, "is really a game."

At St. Paul's, with Seymour on the mound, the boys were an intramural baseball battery, and Norty made captain of the school team.

Both of them captained the squash team, and Norty won the school championship three years running, something no one had managed to do before. He also earned a spot on the hockey team as goalie.

The Knox vacations and school holidays were spent playing golf or squash (Papa Knox had built a court in Buffalo in 1937), on horseback or on the Aiken court tennis court. But at the start of his Sixth Form year, it looked as if Seymour's athletic career had come to a painful and premature end. He snapped his right leg playing football. In Boston the late Dr. M. N. Smith-Petersen, the bone man who later worked on Arthur Godfrey's hip, reconstructed the leg with steel plate.

Seymour hobbled around St. Paul's on crutches for months, then switched to a brace, made the squash team

again and went on to pitch, play first and captain his club baseball team.

At Yale between 1946-50, Norty starred in squash and won two Y's le hockey. Seymour picked up his pair of Y's on the undefeated championship-squash teams of 1948-49, and also made the swimming team. Between 1950 and 1952 Seymour, having resolved on finance as a career, worked for the Marine Midland Trust Company and then moved on to Dominick & Dominick. In the same years his name went up in gold letters on three plaques at the Racquet and Tennis Club—club squash champion, winner of the racquets first-class handicap tournament and court tennis second-class handicap tournament. The first thing Norty did when he graduated in 1950 was to marry Lucretia Crisp of Long Island and Aiken, a consummate horsewoman. The second thing he did was to decide on farming as a career.

IN the summer of 1953 the Knox brothers burst out of the club and collegiate sports circles and onto the national scene. With Trainer Lewis Smith and Bob Wuckser of Buffalo, they formed the Aurora polo team. The Aurora four rode down Pittsfield at the Blind Brook Polo Club in Purchase, N.Y. and became national 20-goal polo champions. There, too, Seymour met red-haired Jean Read, and their engagement was announced the following January.

Marriage had no more effect than business in slowing down Knox sporting campaigns. In the course of two family trips to Cabo Blanco, Peru, Norty caught a 730-pound black marlin and a 400-pound big-eyed tuna (the latter was then a world record for 39 thread); Lucretia caught a 720-pound black marlin (still a women's world record in the 80-pound test class); Jean caught a 336-pound big-eyed tuna (also a standing women's all-tackle world record); but the only world record fish Seymour managed to catch was a 26-pound big-eyed tuna on 15 thread line, and he has yet to take a black marlin. "Seymour," Jean claims, "simply repels black marlin."

During 1952, Norty had begun to study court tennis seriously under the demanding and remarkable Etchebeaster. With Pierre, Norty polished the difficult cutting stroke of court tennis which makes the heavy, flannel-covered ball skid rather than bounce. He mastered a multiplicity of intricate angle shots and curves.

In 1953 Norty went to the finals of the national court tennis amateur championship and lost to the defending champion, Alastair B. Martin of New York, but in 1957 and 1958 he passed Martin and became amateur champion. He has held the amateur doubles championship for four years, twice with A. B., twice with brother Seymour. In 1958, Pierre, Norty, A. B. Martin, Papa Knox and William L. (Sammy) Van Alen of Philadelphia invaded Europe. Norty captured the English amateur championship from Lord Aberdare on Lord's Court in London, took the English doubles with Martin and helped the United States team win the Bathurst Cup, court tennis' Davis Cup.

Understandably encouraged, Norty challenged Etchebaster's successor as world champion, Professional Albert (Jack) Johnson, 42, a Britisher now at the Racquet and Tennis Club. According to protocol, Norty put up a £500 sterling bond of good faith, a contract was drawn, the match to be decided at the best of 13 sets. The sets, scored numerically as in lawn tennis, would be six-game sets, the first man to take six games winning the set. The match would be played on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. There was little pro-Knox money in evidence. Even Pierre believed Norty had overmatched himself.

AT 1 O'CLOCK on Monday, February 9, in front of a gallery jammed with court tennis aficionados, among whom were Papa, Seymour and by special club dispensation, Mrs. Knox and Lucetta, Norty and Jack Johnson span a racquet for serve and the world championship series was on. The tall, rangy professional, a magnificent stylist, hit severely and won the first set 6-3. Then form reversed itself. Norty bothered Johnson with a soft service ("bloody, bobby little thing," Jack later called it), returned everything Johnson hit and won the second set 6-5, the third set 6-0 and the fourth 6-5. On Wednesday, Norty took the first set 6-2, lost the second 4-6, won the third and fourth 6-4, 6-5. Now Norty led six sets to two and needed only one to clinch the championship. He won it 6-2 on Friday the 15th, and it turned out that Tim, the doorman at the Racquet and Tennis Club, who knows 2,000 names and faces of members, was the only person who had bet on Norty from the start.

continued



THREE GENERATIONS of Knoxes are shown here. At left are Mrs. Seymour Knox and Seymour IV. Right, Seymour III and wife Jean give Seymour IV a ride at Aiken.



THE NORTHROP KNOXES used this sporty shot for their 1958 Christmas card. Linda and Northrup Jr. are in back with pet Labrador, Lucetta and Norty are in front.



SEYMOUR AND SONS display their Yale letters. Papa was crew manager, Norty won his big Y as a hockey goal-tender and Seymour III as star of the squash team.

Knoxes, after all these years, are accustomed to niggers who insist that because there are only 800 polo players in America and only 350 court tennis players on seven private courts (they cost \$250,000 each), anyone who can afford to play the games any length of time is bound to be good at them. This is a half truth.

Polo, which dates from the fifth century B.C., makes multiple demands on its players. They must be finished horsemen and able to hit a ball with a stick as well. It is, furthermore, a true contact game and one in which men are sometimes killed.

To play a game as complex as court tennis as well as Narty plays it, a man must be an exceptional athlete to begin with. Some who have watched Narty perform on the court and field think that if he were six inches taller and 20 pounds heavier he could be another Ted Williams. Narty is content as is. "Sey and I," he says, "get a lot of pleasure out of playing the two oldest stick and ball games, and all the others, too. They are really skill games and mostly they are ones where a man is not penalized if he is small."

THOSE are some of the reasons that Seymour and Narty, Lewis Smith and Horacio Castilla, the Argentinian, are playing in the U.S. Open Championship at Hinsdale. But there are others, and one is Papa. He was quite a polo player in his day—still is, for that matter—and is quite a coach, too. When Seymour and Narty went with Aurora to their first open in 1956 Papa handed them a memorandum, which said in part:

"To Sey and Nart:

"Re playing on the Aurora Team in U.S. Open Championship at Oak Brook Polo Club, Hinsdale, Illinois, week beginning September 2, 1956:

"First, I want to say that you both have proved your competence to play in the Open by the handicap given you by the U.S. Polo Association, but this is just a nominal opinion based mostly on practice games and not on tournaments, although you did win the national 20-goal tournament (1953) against some strong teams and Nart played in the U.S. Open last year. However, let's face it, you have not had much tournament experience.

"So, what I want to point out to you is this:

"1) Tournament polo ... is far

different from East Aurora or Aiken polo as we play it.

"2) If you want to play in the U.S. Open it is vitally important that you get yourselves fit for it.

"a) because you will be playing against men who spend most of their time on a polo pony, either playing, schooling or training. . . .

"b) if you are not fit, polo becomes increasingly dangerous, viz. when your arms and legs are tired and your wind goes, it is more difficult to manage your pony at high speed and this adversely affects your judgment and hitting.

"3) In addition to the players, the ponies you will be playing against will be the best available and fit to go a full period at speed, maybe two periods. Our ponies, at the moment, are not tournament fit. . . . Many of them are old. . . . From here on, a lot of work is necessary to get the ponies ready. . . . One or two poor ponies can lose a game. . . . A poor pony can also increase the danger.

"4) So, if you are willing to devote the time and energy to getting yourselves fit—and that means a lot of other exercise in addition to polo, watching your diet (both solid and liquid), getting plenty of sleep, stick and ball practice and helping to school the ponies—if you are willing to do these things (and not neglect your everyday responsibilities), then have a go at it. Otherwise, stick to your easy East Aurora polo and forget it. . . .

"5) . . . I think you have a good team and if you use your heads and play to each other and take advantage of your opportunities and 'don't let your brains run down your neck' (as Carty Burke used to tell Elmer Bowshe) but just 'play good sound polo' you will have a good time and give a good account of yourselves.

"But—you must get fit and see that your ponies are fit.

"Good luck to you. . . .

Dad."

Seymour and Narty with Trainer Lewis Smith and a Yale contemporary, Billy Yivbaker of Clifton, N.J., entered the Open. Narty was in shape from farm work. Seymour was lardy, but by the time Aurora arrived at the Oak Brook Polo Club on August 24 for four practice matches he had shed 13 pounds.

The Oak Brook Polo Club is a 3,000-acre plot owned and developed by Paul Butler, paper manufacturer and president of Butler Aviation. It

has 12 polo fields, stables for 300 ponies, a show ring, a course for hunter trials, kennels for foxhounds, beagles and gunning dogs, a pond for fall duck and goose shooting and an 18-hole golf course.

On Labor Day, Aurora, seasoned by five practice matches, went into its first Open match against Boca Raton. It won 11-6 and Seymour scored five goals. Next, Aurora took the measure of Mexico 10-8 and entered the finals against Brandywine.

THE Aurora-Brandywine match was a cliff-hanger, a prime demonstration of why polo requires condition, courage and *sneak-froid*. Two fouls were called against Aurora in its early minutes and both free shots were made good by Ray Harrington of Brandywine from 60 yards out. Narty, riding flat-out as usual, evened matters, and another man, Doc Williams of Brandywine, went down. Lewis Smith caught a divot of dirt in his eye. The period ended with Brandywine up 3-2.

The second period finished in a 5-5 tie. A fast third period closed with Aurora ahead 7-5. Aurora led 9-6 after the fourth. In the fifth Narty went down and for a few minutes out. Aurora went into a wild last period with a 10-8 edge. They couldn't hold it. The sixth period ran out on a 10-10 tie and the match went into sudden-death play.

The first sudden-death period was scoreless, but after six-odd minutes of the eighth period Ray Harrington poked a long ball downfield, jumped the boards and rode into the crowd. Billy Mayer picked up the ball and hit another long one. Doc Williams made a left-handed belly shot back toward the goal and Buddy Combs knocked the ball through the posts. Harrington was still scrambling among the spectators and never saw the shot which won the U.S. Open Championship for Brandywine 11-10.

Aurora lost, albeit gloriously. They may lose this week and they may win. In either case Seymour and Narty will be satisfied if they get another memo like the one Papa Knox penned after the 1956 Open.

"September 10, 1956

"Memo No. 2 to Seymour and

Narty:

"Heartiest congratulations to you both, to Lewis, to Billy and to the team. It was a great try. Well done, Aurora!

Dad." END

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

BOXING: UNDERCOVER AGENT

Sir:

It appears that the hiring of Jack Dempsey as promotional adviser for Rosensohn Yehella Enterprises, Inc. (Mr. A. St. Aug. 31) has put a stamp of approval on this group in the eyes of many.

However, putting a pretty new cover on the book does not change its contents but only adds to covering up the truth.

Hiring suit to such a questionable organization seems to be a strange and ironic way to "make the fight game an honest business," to use Mr. Dempsey's own words.

Here is hoping that no athletic commission will approve this organization as promoters under any name in its state.

THE KNOWN ANTIKID

Allene, Texas

LACROSSE: VANCOUVER, PLEASE NOTE

Sir:

You suggest that someone come forward with an international lacrosse trophy (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Aug. 24). I know such a trophy is in existence. As president of the U.S. Lacrosse Association I headed an All-American team that in July of 1932 played a series of three games in Vancouver, B.C., each before an estimated crowd of 10,000 spectators, for the Lally Trophy, symbolic of international lacrosse supremacy.

We lost the trophy to a British Columbia contingent, and there it resides. So that it may be put up again in international competition, can any Vancouverite tell us where the trophy is now?

MELKER MORRIS

New York City

POLO: THE LINES FORM

Sir:

As to the polo challenge (19th Hole, Aug. 31), we Texans are justly proud of the three Texas poloists nominated by you for your Oak Brook team and of Dr. Williams' Dallas Athletic Club team, National Open champions of 1958, who may very well repeat this year.

However, let's not count the Easterners (or Meadow Brook) out just yet. For one thing, your Oak Brook team is decidedly unbalanced. It does not include a first-rate player in the No. 3 position.

To challenge your team for the SEVENTH LUTHERAN Silver Mallet, may I suggest a Meadow Brook team of Pete Backlund, Northrup Knox, Alan Corey and Dev Milburn Jr. It would be quite a battle, and worth leaving Texas to witness. Moreover, it would be an all-pro team vs. the all-amateurs of Meadow Brook.

LARRY C. ROBERTS

Dallas

continued



OUR TAN GAB JACKET

Lamb Leather is outfitted in stockists, Rogers Peet presents this fingertip coat from our complete assortments of authentic campus fashions. Oh-ho-ho body with quilted sleeve lining. Wool knit stand collar, cuffs and pocket trim.

Write for our complete "Study at Fashion Folder"



In New York
Little Avenue
at 48th Street

In New York
at 41st Street

In New York
at Warren St.

In Boston
at Broadfield St.



How to Feel at Ease on Your Feet

The Flexible Fit With Bouyant Soles

jiffies®
by HOLEPROOF

Feet First... when it comes to comfort! The soft knit tops and the buoyant soles in JIFFIES make each pair feel custom-made for your foot. Choice of styles and colors—machine washable... all wonderful!

2.95 to 4.95 with elastic lacing top
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

HOLEPROOF CORPORATION • MARETTA, GEORGIA • DIVISION OF KAYSER-ROTH CORP.

Bowl your greatest game in ...

Don Carter "300"

BOWLING SLACKS

MADE BY
Gulf Stream
RACER PROMOTER

**World's First Bowling
Slacks designed for
complete "Swing Action"!**

Now you can bowl like a champion ... look like a champion! The Hidden S-t-r-e-t-c-h Waistband is the greatest comfort feature ever offered in slacks. Actually breathes with you ... never binds, never throws you off stride or balance! This exclusive feature also makes Don Carter "300" Bowling Slacks more enjoyable for all sports and leisure activities ... and affords added ease to men who merely wish to relax. You hardly know you're wearing them until someone compliments you on their snazzy style!

27 shades in superb fabrics retailing from \$9.95 ... to meet the taste of every individual and team! At leading men's wear and department stores from coast to coast.

Write for name of nearest dealer to:

BOWLING SLACKS, Inc.

1301 W. Chicago Ave. Dept. S, Emil Chisago, Ind.



Features that make it the
No. 1 slacks for bowling!

- Twin-Faced No-Bell Waistband
- Denim Jewelers Buckle with Bowling Moll
- Exclusive Twin-Faced, Hand-Shaped Wall Self Belt
- Skirt Hugs
- Extra Cash Pocket
- Teflon Little Zip Closure
- Perfectly Pleated to allow smart fullness without bulkiness

PLUS Gulf Stream

CONTOUR-DESIGNED FIT
... the Best by America's
Slacks Specialists

Crafted to fit like custom tailored
... look like custom tailored



Look for this label
... it identifies the
genuine Don Carter
"300" Bowling Slacks

18TH HOLE continued

TRACK & FIELD: HE STARTED IT ALL

Sirs:

It was good to see Parry O'Brien on your cover (SL, Aug. 31). You may be interested to know that the Striders competition shirt O'Brien is wearing was designed by Don Winton; and Don Winton is the same man who originated the Striders Team, which has won the national championship in track and field for the



DON WINTON AND STRIDER O'BRIEN

last three years. The Striders are an outgrowth of the All Corners track meet, which were held back in 1951 to 1959 at John Muir High School in Pasadena.

In these early beginnings Don Winton literally ran the meet—himself, watering the runways and circles, marking the distance lines in white, officiating, measuring and timing. He called and received calls from athletes to keep everyone abreast of the latest meet developments.

With efficiency and adherence to detail, the emphasis was on making a meet designed for the athlete. The All Corners trend started by Mr. Winton has mushroomed all over the country and has made late-summer track competitions a permanent thing. At the present time the All Corners draws upward of 150 competitors each Friday evening at Arroyo High School in El Monte, Calif. It's only logical to figure that without these meets many of these competitors might easily have had their attention diverted to less socially acceptable activities.

Hats off and a pat on the back to him. There is no greater devotee of this wonderful sport than Don Winton.

FORTUNE GORDEN

Pasadena

• Fortune Gordon—a Strider himself—is current holder of the world record in the discus, pending recognition of Edmund Piotowski's 196-foot 6-inch throw.—ED.

GOOD NEWS FROM CANDLESTICK PARK

Sirs:

A—subscribed for the San Francisco Stadium I am concerned by your inference

that we forgot to provide a backstop (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Aug. 24).

Several years ago the voters of San Francisco passed a bond issue for \$5 million for a multi-use stadium, with the understanding that every effort be made to bring a major league baseball team out here to play. Things went along very nicely, and we are now very fortunate in having the Giants well established here.

However, in the design of the stadium and in the financing of the stadium we were constantly reminded by all of the officials involved that this was to be a multi-use stadium, and it is laid out for baseball, football, boxing and track. Had the stadium been completed later this year, say in October, I am certain that people would be criticizing us for not having installed goal posts. All of these items were to have been provided by the Park and Recreation Department in their negotiations with the tenants, and as long as six or eight months ago we listed these items in a memorandum to the Park and Recreation Department of the City and County of San Francisco.

The facts are that for over a year and a half now Charley Horney and I have known that no backstop was to be provided under the plans we have prepared or by the contract he was to perform. For your own information however, a separate contract has been awarded and the backstop and foul-line poles will be in. You might also like to know that these cost \$8,500 rather than \$45,000. It sounds as though we were trying to gild the lily out here in the way of a backstop.

JOHN S. BOLLER

San Francisco

OUR WELL-TRAVELED READERS

Sizes:

I read with much interest your article on Boris Lisanevitch and the Yak & Yeti club in Kasmassa, Nepal (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, July 27). You may be interested in publishing a photograph of him (in center of picture below) and three tigers taken in Assam in 1945 on a shoot



YAK & YETI LISANEVITCH

I had with him. He is a fine big-game hunter, but where I got to know him best as a shooter and companion was flourishing around in the snipe bogs near Calcutta, where we hit, missed and fell with about equal regularity.

ORMONDE HUNTER

Savannah



The RED HEAD label assures you HEAD-TO-FOOT Hunting Comfort!



"BONE DRY" by RED HEAD

The famous Bone Dry principle of rubberized neck, front, back and sleeve lining assures you maximum all-weather protection. Water repellent, game heavy nylon Army duck is a very strong Model 5008 (Honey brown) or 5008-01 (Forest green) \$29.95.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG!

RED HEAD

Write for free catalog!

"Designed With The Sportsman In Mind" is more than just a slogan at Red Head. It is a spirit which every item in the Red Head line must meet before it qualifies for the famous Red Head trademark. For over 100 years America's sportsmen have looked to Red Head for uncompromising quality at a fair price—so can you!



RED HEAD BRAND COMPANY
4311 W. Belmont Ave., Dept. 51-9, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free catalog.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Champion's Choice . . . because you get more to like!

STAR QUARTERBACK JOHN UNITAS proudly sports the Marlbورو shirt with the frisky "Colt" emblem of professional football's World Champions. A handsome ribbed-knit with fashioned collar, of fully washable, shrinkage controlled cotton, in leather shades of grey, brown, blue or charcoal. Sizes S-M-L. In pull-over style at \$2.00, or button-front style at \$5.95.

Marlbورو
WHOLESALE CO. (LONDON) MARLBORO CO.



Standard equipment on leading projectors throughout the world, the all-metal slide magazine is the sign of a quality slide projector and your assurance of expert and enjoyable color slide shows. 30 precision metal frames prevent slide wear and damage, insure carefree projection and always hold slides in place. Look for this magazine when you buy a projector.

Send for booklet, "Ways to Improve Slide Shows."

Aurequipp MFG. CO. INC.
Dept. No. 5914, 20 Jones Street
New Rochelle, N.Y.

A good vermouth
should mind its own business



THE QUIET VERMOUTH
... adds just the right note of discretion to your manhattans or martinis. Try a touch!

IMPORTED • Sweet or Dry
Schaeffelin & Co., New York

"I DON'T USUALLY GIVE TESTIMONIALS BUT...
Vionate
is definitely
a dog's
best friend

England's greatest dog, your pet dog, will add more beauty to your life with Vionate and is moreover, essential for well-balanced, vibrant skin care. Add to feed your dog daily for generally healthy, supple, white, soft, real good digestion. To help you and your pet with skin, strong bones.

Get **VIONATE** today
at your pet shop or pharmacy
ONLY 79¢ for \$3.00

SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

Pat on the Back



VICKY JENSEN

'I got golf for my birthday'

GOLFING GIRL, 10, SHOWS CONFIDENCE OF HOGAN ran the headline on a Washington Evening Star report of the recent USGA girls' junior golf championship. The girl, Vicky Jensen, a pigtailed youngster from Great Barrington, Mass., had gone 19 holes to defeat her first opponent, and the calm manner in which she handled that crucial extra hole reminded the reporter of one of golf's greats playing the Masters.

Vicky lost her next round, but from

then on she charmed players and spectators alike by patrolling the course under a big umbrella earnestly and thoughtfully answering questions on golf. "My father gave me golf for my ninth birthday," she told one questioner. Did that mean she was given a set of clubs? "No," insisted the philosophical youngster, explaining in the simplest and most direct way she knew that the doors of a new and wonderful world had now been opened for her: "No, he gave me golf."



NABOKOV STAKES BUTTERFLY IN PATH, STEPS STEALTHY WITHIN RANGE AND NETS VICTIM WITH A LIGHTNING OVERHAND

An Absence of Wood Nymphs

Vladimir Nabokov, famed author of *Lolita*, and a renowned lepidopterist, seeks his favorite butterfly in Arizona

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Photographs by Carl Mafson LAST

TO an army of admirers, Vladimir Nabokov, a balding Russian émigré of 60, is known as the author of that spectacular bestseller, *Lolita*. To a comparative handful, however, he is revered as V. Nabokov, lepidopterist. Respectful colleagues have named four species after him. He is the discoverer of at least two subspecies of butterflies, one of which, it should be noted, is called (accidentally, but prophetically) Nabokov's wood nymph.

Nabokov has described his findings in a number of scientific periodicals ranging from *Psyeke*—"A Third Species of *Echisaurus* Nabokov (Lycenidae, Lepidoptera)"—to the *Bulletin* of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College—"The Nearctic Members of the Genus *Lipaeus* Hubner (Lycenidae, Lepi-

doptera)." Rarely can the reader deduce that V. Nabokov, the naturalist, is Vladimir Nabokov, the novelist. Only when writing for the *Lepidopterists' News*, a rather chatty journal, is V. likely to peep through as Vladimir: "Every morning the sky would be an impeccable blue at 6 a.m., when I set out. The first innocent cloudlet would sead across at 7:30 a.m. Bigger fellows with darker bellies would start tampering with the sun around 9 a.m., just as I emerged from the shadow of the cliffs and onto good hunting grounds." (Conversely, Vladimir sometimes artfully assumes V.'s vocabulary, as in describing Humbert Humbert's first wife in *Lolita*: "The bleached curl revealed its melanic root." Melanic is a butterfly word meaning dark.)

Nabokov has had a passionate interest in butterflies since he was a boy of 6 in Russia. By the time he was 16, he had made such a nuisance of himself with the net that solemn Mironstev, the president of the first Russian Duma, intoned, "Come with us by all means, but do not chase butterflies, child. It mars the rhythm of the promenade." In 1919 in the Crimea, a bowlegged Bolshevik sentry, patrolling "among shrubs in waxy bloom," attempted to arrest him for allegedly signaling with the net to a British warship in the Black Sea. Later in France a fat policeman wriggled on his belly through parting grass, suspicious that Nabokov was netting birds. Shortly after Nabokov arrived in the United States in 1940, he became a Research Fellow in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, one place, presumably, where his passion was better appreciated. Since 1948 he has been a member of the Department of Literature at Cornell, but he has kept

continued

his summers free for his beloved butterflies. Not in hand, he roams the West, unmindful of hooting motorists, chiding cowpokes or snarling dogs.

"This, to me," Nabokov explains, "is most pleasurable—to collect on mountain tops or bogs. It is nostalgic perhaps, but there is also the pleasant feeling of being familiar with a place and surprised when you get more than you expect. You can get as close as possible to these living creatures and see reflected in them a higher law. Mimicry and evolution are for me more and more fascinating. . . . I cannot separate the aesthetic pleasure of seeing a butterfly and the scientific pleasure of knowing what it is."

Last month Nabokov and his charming snow-haired wife, Vera, were staying in a cabin at Forest Houses in Oak Creek Canyon, a sort of watch-pocket Grand Canyon, 18 serpentine miles south of Flagstaff, Arizona. There, tucked away in the woods, Nabokov devoted himself to literature (working over translations of the *Song of Igor's Campaign*, a 12th-century Russian epic, and *Invitation to a Beheading*, a novel he wrote in Paris during the '30s) and lepidoptera. Lepidoptera, for several days at least, won out.

On a Monday morning, for instance, Nabokov, bundled in dungarees, sport shirt and sweater, emerged from his pine cabin to sniff the air and see the morning sun. "It is now 9 o'clock," he said, lying. It was really only 8:30 or thereabouts, but Nabokov keeps moving all clocks and watches within his reach ahead to make Mrs. Nabokov move faster so he can get to his butterflies all the sooner. "The butterflies won't be up for another hour," he admitted however. "This is a deep canyon, and the sun has to go some way up the rim of the mountain to cast its light. The grass is damp, and the butterflies generally come out when it's dry. They are late risers."

He moved inside, sat down on a sofa and picked up a thick brown volume entitled *Colorado Butterflies*.

He opened to Nabokov's wood nymph on page 11. "This butterfly which I discovered has nothing to do with nymphets," he said, smiling. "I discovered it in the Grand Canyon in 1941. I know it occurs here, but it is difficult to find. I hope to find it today. I'll be looking for it. It flies in the speckled shade early in June, though there's another brood at the end of the summer, so you came at the right time." He picked up another book, Alexander Klots' *A Field Guide*

At 9:35, Nabokov standard time, he got up to get his net and a blue cloth cap. The thrill of the chase was upon him as he left the cabin and headed south down a foot trail paralleling Oak Creek. "This Nabokov's wood nymph is represented by several subspecies, and there's one here," he said, his eyes sweeping the brush on either side. "It is in this kind of country that my nymph occurs."

He stopped and pointed, with the handle of his net, to a butterfly clinging to the underside of a leaf.

"Disruptive coloration," he said, noting white spots on the wings. "A bird comes and wonders for a second. Is it two hags? Where is the head? Which side is which? In that split second the butterfly is gone. That second saves that individual and that species. You may call it a large skipper."

Nabokov walked on. At 9:45, he gave a quick flick with the net. "This is a checkered butterfly," he said, looking at his catch. "There are countless subspecies. The way I kill is the European, or Continental, way. I press the thorax at a certain point. If you press the abdomen, it just comes out." He took the butterfly from the net and held it in the palm of his hand. "This," he exclaimed, "is a beauty! Such a beautiful fresh specimen. *Melitaea aurea*." He took a Band-Aid box from his pocket, shook loose a Glasene envelope and slid *Melitaea aurea* home to rest. "It's safe in the envelope until I can get to a laboratory and spread it."

In good spirits, he pushed on. Something fluttered across the trail. "A common species," he said, walking on, maneuvering the net before him. "The thing is," he said, "when you hit the butterfly, turn the net at the same time to form a bag in which the butterfly is imprisoned."

Nearly, another butterfly was feeding on a flower, but Nabokov ignored it. "A dusky-wing skipper. Common." At 10:03, he passed a *claus* sitting on a bare twig. "I've seen that same individual on that same twig since I've been here," he said. "There are lots of butterflies around, but this individual will chase



NABOKOV STUDIES SPECIMEN OF FRITILLARY BUTTERFLY

to the *Butterflies*, and opened to the page on the orange-margined blues. Proudly he pointed to a sentence which read, "The recent work of Nabokov has entirely re-arranged the classification of this genus." A look of bliss spread across his face. "The thrill of gaining information about certain structural mysteries in these butterflies is perhaps more pleasurable than any literary achievement."

Mrs. Nabokov called him to breakfast. "The Southwest is a wonderful place to collect," he said over soft-boiled eggs. "There's a mixture of arctic and subtropical fauna. A wonderful place to collect."

away the others from its perch."

At 10:45, Nabokov lunged wildly off the trail and reared up a rocky incline. Whatever it was escaped in the underbrush. At 11 o'clock, he stopped short. "Ah," he said, a tremor of delight rocking him ever so lightly. "Ah, Oh, that's an interesting thing! Oh, goosh, there it goes. A white skipper mimicking a cabbage butterfly belonging to a different family. Things are prinking up. Still, they're not quite right. Where is my wood nymph? It is heart-breaking work," he complained. "Wretched work."

Back at the cabin, Mrs. Nabokov, fresh from writing letters, greeted her husband in Russian. "Let us hurry, darling," he said. Mrs. Nabokov smiled indulgently and followed him down the porch steps to their car, a black 1957 Buick, where she got behind the wheel.

JOURNEY IN A NERVOUS CAR

The car wouldn't start. "The car is nervous," Nabokov said. At last it started. Mrs. Nabokov drove onto Highway Alt. 89 and headed to a butterfly camping ground several miles north. At 11:26 (Nabokov, standard time), Mrs. Nabokov swung over to the left side of the road and parked by Oak Creek. Nabokov leaped out. "Now we'll see something spectacular, I hope!" He waved farewell to Mrs. Nabokov with his net and jogged down a rough trail. He stopped. A butterfly was sipping nectar from yellow asters. "Here's a butterfly that's quite rare. You find it here and there in Arizona. *Lemnaea zela*. I've collected quite a few. It will sit there all day. We could come back at 4, and it would still be here. The form of its wings and its general manner are very mothlike. Quite interesting. But it is a real butterfly. It belongs to a tremendous family of South American butterflies."

The morning turned up a few more interesting specimens, but still no wood nymph. Nabokov noted sadly. Once he swished the net triumphantly and trapped two butterflies. He grinned savagely. "Lygdamus blue—female," he said. "This other, by freakish chance, is a male blue of another species that was flying with it. That's adultery. Or a step toward adultery." He let the offending male fly free unpunished.

Another time Nabokov swung and netted three butterflies, one an angle wing. "It has a curiously formed

continued

A PROUD NAME... ALREADY OLD WHEN FRANCE WAS YOUNG

COGNAC POLIGNAC bears a royal name, famous since the Crusades... a name which today signifies the only cognac whose superb quality is entirely controlled by the world-renowned Cognac Cooperative of France. Discover Cognac Polignac for yourself... serve it with pride.



80 PROOF COGNAC IMPORTED FROM COGNAC (FRANCE) BY DENNIS & HOPPER, INC., N.Y. IMPORTERS OF CHAMPAGNE MORGES



*F*or more than \$50,000 active members, the spokesman for the world in which they live their liveliest hours...

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

18 GOLF at Buck Hill

PAR EXCELLENCE—on a sporty new course with features that make it unique and enjoyable for all players. Three separate rates. Electric golf cars. Tennis, swimming, riding and other sports. Attractive accommodations.

Only 3 Hours
from New York
and Philadelphia

New York
Reservation Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza
CLay 5-5620



WORLD'S PENTATHLON GAMES

HERSHEY, PA.—SEPT. 25-30

Teams from 25 countries • first time in America • Russia defending champ • make reservations now and enjoy our championship golf courses, tennis, horseback riding • air conditioned rooms • Open year round
Write Room #118

Hotel Hershey
Hershey, Pa.



The Great Blades

Lt. Presley O'Bannon, USMC, co-ordinator of Troops, whose conquest the Marine Corps still sings, was given this famous sword by his native state of Virginia, to commemorate his victory. Such great blades are always given.

for Great Occasions

To honor any modern achievement, Carol Hall's great blades... eating sets and steak knives... match the grandeur of modern occasions (weddings, birthdays, parties, promotions). The truly great blades.

are
made by



AT THE SIGN
OF THE STEELWORTH
WARRANTED MEMBERSHIP
NO. 1000 EXCELLENCE

Made for free inspection. Great Blades
in 100 cities. Please write. Catalogue free.



letter C. It mimes a chink of light through a dead leaf. Isn't that wonderful? Isn't that humorous?"

Still shy of a bona fide wood nymph, the Nabokovs headed south to Sedona for lunch. "I lost two butterfly collections," Nabokov recalled, as the car sped along. "One to the Bolsheviks, one to the Germans. I have another I gave to Cornell. I dream of stealing it back."

Lunch over, the Nabokovs drove farther south. Nabokov's eyes widened in the gorgeous wind-swept

butterfly and a vicerey. The taste of both was vile, but I had no ill effects. They tasted like almonds and perhaps a green cheese combination. I ate them raw. I held one in one hot little hand and one in the other. Will you eat some with me tomorrow for breakfast?" His visitor declined.

That night, still not surfeited with the day's steady diet of butterflies, Nabokov hurried into a pile of scientific papers and pulled out the thickest one, his article on the Nearctic members of the genus *Lycorides* Hübner. "This work took me several years and undermined my health for

nymph should be out, I hope, on Mingus Mountain." While the car sped swiftly through a veritable Lolitaland, Nabokov said, "Butterflies help me in my writing. Very often when I go and there are no butterflies, I am thinking. I wrote most of *Lolita* this way. I wrote it in motels or parked cars."

The Nabokovs reached Jerome ("Welcome to Ghost City. Three places to eat": at 11:10. "Shall we catch my butterfly today?" Nabokov asked.

At a marker announcing the elevation to be 7,023 feet, Mrs. Nabokov parked. Both took nets from the back seat and walked up a dirt road bordered by pines. A yellow butterfly danced crazily by. Nabokov swung and missed. "Common," he said. "I'm just getting warmed up." Unfortunately, a 15-minute search of the terrain revealed nothing. Nabokov turned toward an iris-covered meadow. "I can't believe there won't be butterflies here," he said. He was mistaken. "I'm very much disappointed," Nabokov said, after searching the meadow. "*Rex, Rex*."

Nabokov returned to the car. "It was very sad. And then I saw that strong man put his head on his forearms and sob like a woman," at 12:40 Mrs. Nabokov stopped again. "This will be our last stop today," Nabokov said. "It is this kind of place that my wood nymph should be flying, but with the exception of three cows and a calf, there is nothing." "Do we have to mix with cows?" asked Mrs. Nabokov.

They got back in the car and drove toward Jerome. "Sad," said Nabokov. "His face was now a tear-stained mask." Five minutes later, he had Mrs. Nabokov stop at Mesac Canyon. "We may be in for a surprise here," he said. Alas there was none. He walked up a dirt road alone. Mrs. Nabokov lent her net to their visitor. With a whoop of joy, the visitor snared a white-winged beauty. Cupping it in his hands, he showed it to Nabokov who dismissed it airily. "A winged elchik." It had been a poor day for hunting. There would be other days to come, but the visitor wouldn't be there. As the car swung out for the journey home, Nabokov spread his arms and said sadly, "What can I say? What is there to say? I am ashamed for the butterflies. I apologize for the butterflies."

The apology was, of course, gracefully rejected.

END



VERA AND VLADIMIR NABOKOV RELAX FROM BUTTERFLYING OVER CHESSBOARD

buttes. "It looks like a giant chess game is being played around us." At 2:20 Mrs. Nabokov parked the car by the side of the road. Nabokov, net at the ready, was off like an eager boy. Mrs. Nabokov, retrieving another net from the rear seat, joined him. "You should see my wife catch butterflies," he said. "One little movement and they're in the net."

The grove was disappointing. "*Rex*," he muttered. He probed some bushes. "There is nothing," he said. "A hopeless place." They gave up the hunt and drove back to Sedona to shop. Vladimir followed Mrs. Nabokov into the supermarket. "When I was younger I ate some butterflies in Vermont to see if they were poisonous," he said, as his wife hovered over the cold cuts counter. "I didn't see any difference between a monarch

quite a while. Before I never wore glasses. This is my favorite work. I think I really did well there." Yes, the Soviets were aware of his work on butterflies. As recently as last November, one Lubimov had attacked him in the *Literary Gazette*. "He said that I was starving in America, 'compelled to earn a precarious existence selling butterflies.'" Nabokov laughed merrily.

The next morning, Nabokov was as chipper and as restless as ever. "Come on, darling," he called to Mrs. Nabokov during breakfast. "The sun is wasting away! It's a quarter to 10." Mrs. Nabokov took her time. "He doesn't know that everyone is wise to him," she said. At 10:10, Nabokov at last succeeded in luring her behind the wheel. "We are going to Jerome," he said happily. "The wood



Daniel Webster visits his friend James Crow

Senator Webster, he of the golden tongue and the good life, thought Old Crow such a work of art, he visited Dr. Crow at the distillery. The great orator ringingly pronounced Crow's whiskey "the finest in the world"—according to historical archives.



LIGHT • MILD • 86 PROOF
KENTUCKY BOURBON

Taste the Greatness of **OLD CROW**

America's Preferred Bourbon

James Crow created his bourbon masterpiece 124 years ago—and history beat a path to his door. Today 86 proof Old Crow is favored by more Americans than any other bourbon—because it is still the perfect formula for Kentucky bourbon!

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"



THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY., DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

The better the makin's, the better the smoke



Also on
King-Size
soft pack



Sold and
enjoyed in all
the 50 states

You get better makin's in a

Marlboro

If you're thinking of changing brands, tattoo this in your mind... Marlboro's exclusive Filter-Flavor Formula gives you flavor you can get hold of. The improved Marlboro filter does what it's there for... You're smoking better when it's Marlboro.